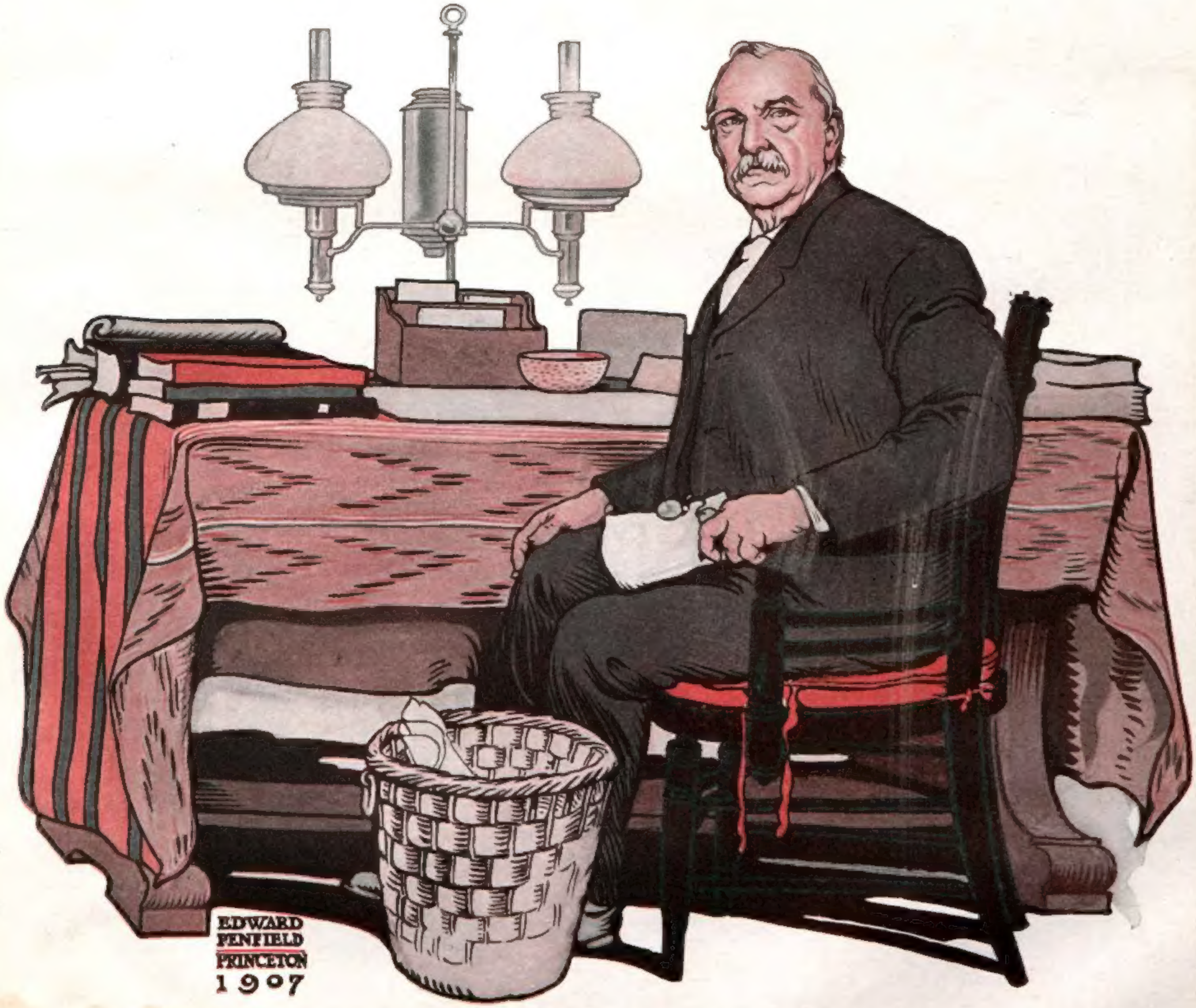
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JUNE 20, 1908 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



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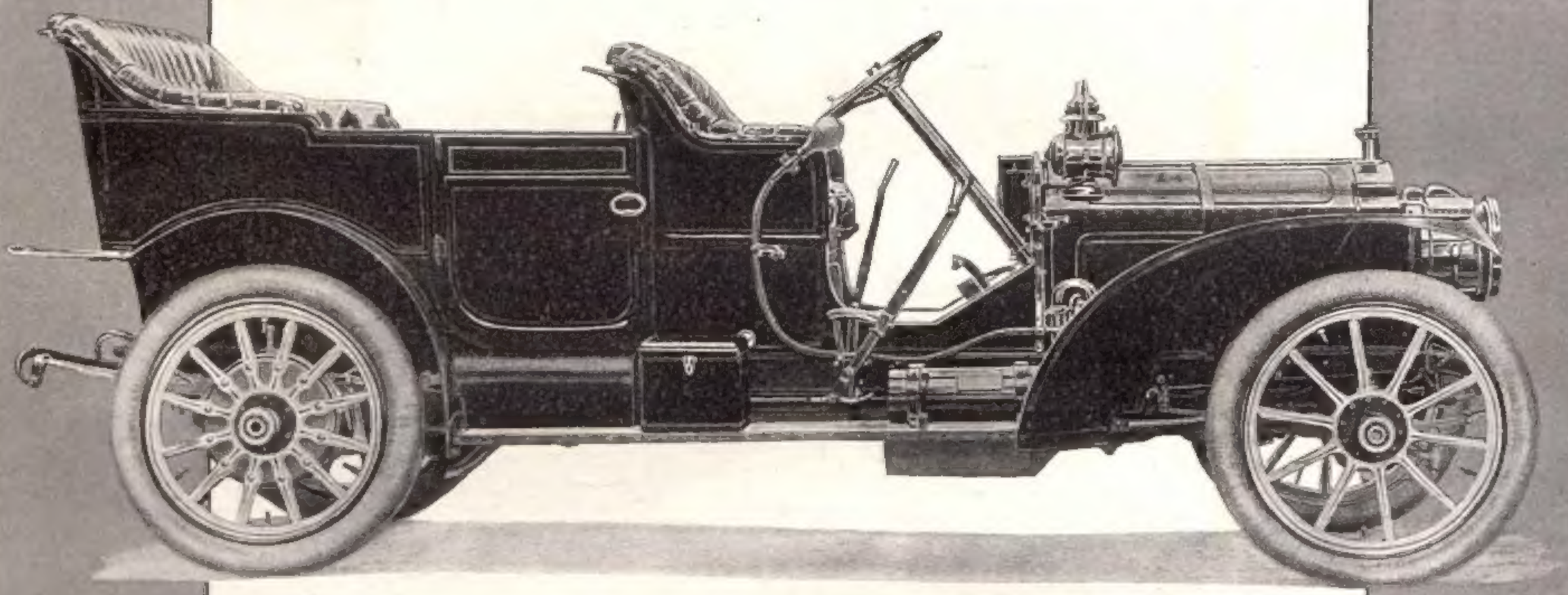

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The Editor's Column

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British Army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Jewels and the Complexion

¶ Those mothers of our future Presidents who solve the servant problem by doing their own housework may or may not have an academic interest in the dictum that "a well-gowned woman never wears dull gems with velvet, garnets with white crêpe, turquoises with violet-colored fabric, or emeralds with colors in mauve." Yet a mere man suspects that every daughter of Eve is interested in jewels and that an article in our next week's issue, written by Tiffany's expert in precious stones and entitled THE ETIQUETTE OF GEMS, will not be without its appeal to the feminine heart.

¶ Who says that THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is a magazine for men only? Women readers (we number them not by tens but by hundreds of thousands), listen to these strange doctrines:

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"Skin foods can be bought at the grocer's and butcher's, not at the druggist's."

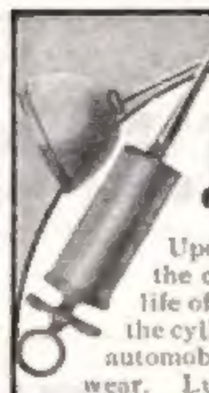
"The skin has little more power of absorption than a mackintosh coat. Nothing save the strongest drugs can be driven through it, except under pressure of a powerful electric current."

"Wash the face as if it were a window-pane, not a kitchen floor."

"The best colors to apply to the face—through the opening provided for that purpose—are red meats, green vegetables, purple fruits, golden butter, white bread and sugar."

¶ The article from which these revolutionary dicta are culled will be published in the near future under the title of THE COMPLEXITIES OF THE COMPLEXION. It is written by a well-known physician.

¶ From the same writer, by the way, we have another article in type that will interest women. It is called THE SINS OF THE SHOEMAKER, and it will appear shortly.



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Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 180 PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 20, 1908 Number 51

AMERICA'S EXTRAORDINARY ENVOYS

By an Expatriate

This article, by a former attaché in the Diplomatic Service of the United States, is a frank and pitiless statement of how certain of our Ambassadors to European nations are regarded by Continental Courts and by those denationalized, and usually snobbish, Americans who have lived abroad so long that they have assumed the European attitude of contempt toward everything that is not of the Old World. It is always interesting to see ourselves as others see us, even though they view us through the wrong end of a twisted opera-glass.

The writer of this article also wrote that curious attack on things American which appeared in this magazine a year ago under the title The Expatriates. —THE EDITORS.

THOUGH Emperor William may, or may not, have said what he was credited with saying about Ambassador Hill's fitness for the post of our representative at Berlin, it is pretty certain that the Kaiser, like every other crowned head in Europe, does a lot of thinking every time our State Department names a new diplomatic representative. The fact of the matter is that most foreign governments have long been in the habit of regarding new American envoys with much anxiety; for it is no rarity for our diplomatists to turn out to be strange, and occasionally embarrassing, propositions to the courts and governments to which they are accredited.

As long as we retain our present system of sending to represent the country abroad a set of men whose appointments are made by the President, not by reason of high qualifications, but simply because their names were more or less imperatively forced upon the Chief Executive by Senators, Congressmen or influential politicians, we shall be running the chance of seeing our diplomatists rejected by the countries to which they are appointed, or the even worse alternative of having them accepted, and given free rein to humiliate, during four or more years, the land of which they are citizens. And, just so long as we keep recruiting our diplomatic service from the ranks of the politicians, we may expect to get such rebuffs as the Kaiser is alleged to have administered to us.

The Department of State knows, but does not tell the country, that there is usually some other and weightier reason for the non-acceptance of our envoys than the one that foreign governments are alleged to ascribe as the sole cause for such rejection. A case which occurred in 1885 illustrates the point. When President Cleveland nominated a Richmond lawyer for Minister to Italy, the Quirinal refused to accept him, protesting against his appointment on the ground that the Virginian, in a speech many years before, had violently assailed United Italy in general, and Victor Emmanuel in particular, for the invasion of the Papal territories. That was, at least in part, the true reason for Italy's refusal of Mr. Cleveland's appointee.

With a recklessness that so often characterizes our diplomatic appointments, the President then sent to the Senate the name of the same repudiated diplomatist as Minister to Austria. Vienna followed the example of Rome by likewise refusing him, and Americans were allowed to suppose that Austria's action was based on the fact that the wife of the envoy had been born a Jewess. Naturally, every citizen of our Republic keenly resented the affront to our national dignity; but the unanimous indignation that prevailed throughout the United States was really unwarranted—inasmuch as it was directed against Austria. The truth of the matter was that Vienna had the best of reasons for declining to accept the Southerner, for his acceptance would have entailed a grave issue with her political ally, Italy. The false reason assigned for the Virginian's refusal was concocted to save Washington from the accusation of selecting its diplomatic representatives with absolute lack of tact, and with utter disregard of the ordinary courtesy that is practiced among other nations, of first ascertaining whether a prospective envoy would be *persona grata* to such and such a country.

In the most recent instance of objection to an American diplomatic representative, I cannot positively avow that the popular disapproval in the United States of Kaiser Wilhelm's utterances was similarly unjustifiable, or that there was some other reason besides his private fortune why Mr. Hill was not desired as our Ambassador in Berlin; yet I cannot restrain the suspicion that there was some other and stronger ground for objection to the appointment behind the pecuniary pretext. I know almost nothing, personally or officially, of Mr. Hill; but Germany may know enough of him in either capacity not to want him in the diplomatic corps in Berlin. There is here the possibility that the reason publicly ascribed was the real reason after all. If the Kaiser considered the newly-named Ambassador *persona non grata*, simply because he is not a rich man, he would be much more justified in objecting to him on that ground than the Americans should be for finding fault with his reason. The Imperial government has had ample opportunities of studying the relative values, from the German standpoint, of rich and poor American envoys, and it is probably satisfied that the United States representative who is a rich man fulfills the purpose of his being in Berlin much better than the diplomat without private fortune. Nowadays, when the telegraph and rapid postal facilities keep distant governments in close touch, the chief utility of diplomats consists in the foreshadowing of the dignity of their home governments, in contributing to the pomp of state ceremonies and to the cultivation of social amenities in the countries to which they are accredited. However trivial such purposes may seem, the fact remains that international amity and mutual esteem are fostered by them. Therefore, since the modern diplomatist is chiefly useful because he is ornamental, his value is immeasurably diminished if economy necessitates his being officially inconspicuous in the community.

With all our immense national wealth and our boasted prosperity, we pay our foreign representatives such niggardly salaries that they cannot properly uphold the dignity of the nation unless they are very rich men, and are willing to draw upon their private means. Having no regular embassy or legation building in the great capitals, as other important nations have, a very large proportion of the salary of our envoys goes to pay the rent of suitable homes. If an Ambassador has any appreciation of the dignity of his position, the balance will have been exhausted before he has been half a year in his post. Over and over again, American diplomatic representatives, men of conspicuous ability, and eminently qualified, have been constrained to retire from the service owing to their limited private fortunes.

Emperor William is perfectly well aware of this peculiar parsimony of our Government, and we Americans have no right whatever to reproach him if he expresses his preference for a rich rather than a poor Ambassador. For these reasons I heartily and emphatically dissociate myself from the howl of indignation that was evoked all over the country by Germany's objection to Ambassador Hill.

From many years' connection with the diplomatic service of the United States, as a secretary of legation, besides a still longer period of foreign residence in a private capacity, I know how foreigners misjudge our race by the unfortunate diplomatic specimens periodically sent out from Washington. Americans who spend much time in Europe sooner or later inevitably run across some of these freak diplomats, and find in them both a personal and national offense, in that they are a notorious disgrace to our country, heaping insult upon it in the eyes of foreigners by their outlandish personal appearance or personal traits; by their crass ignorance, their ostentatious vulgarities, their social coarseness or their flagrant parsimony.

More by good luck than management we have been a trifle more fortunate in recent years than we used to be, although it would not be difficult to name one or two mild specimens of the diplomatic race just described now in public life, who serve as assurances that the genus is by no means extinct in the land of which they have long been such a prolific product.

During my official career I chanced to be associated with several Ministers who left more or less mirth-provoking memories in the capitals they graced with their presence. One of these gentlemen has become historic as the most extraordinary

Envoy Extraordinary the modern world has known. Two other former chiefs of mine had previously been Governors of a certain Western State, and, though I understand they made very good Governors, they were pathetic failures in diplomacy. With the exception of the memorable Minister to whom I have just referred individually, and who out-Heroded Herod in everything, it may be said for the others that they meant well, only they did not know, and could not learn, how to make their deeds and speech fit their intentions. In other words, they were the material out of which even a miracle-worker could not make a diplomat. They sent off fairly good dispatches to Washington, but in all their dealings with the court and government, and in all the brilliant social life of the capital, they floundered as cumbrously as a whale on a wharf. They were wretchedly unhappy men, and made no attempt to disguise their misery, which was rendered peculiarly poignant by their constant expectation of making new blunders, the constant realization of these expectations, and the atmosphere of perennial derision in which they lived.

Diplomatic freaks are frequent in our service mainly owing to two potent facts: because they are largely chosen from the social grades to which most of our politicians belong, and because an undue proportion of them come out of the West. Both elements are practically incapable of producing diplomats, for both grow a style of citizen who is essentially foreign to the ways of the great social world. These men may be virile, forceful personalities, but when they are launched on a sea of which they know nothing disaster is inevitable. They immediately fall into either of two frames of mind: pity for themselves at being there, or a red-hot bellicose resentment against their environment. Either condition encourages them to do and say things they should not; and thus they become objects of public scorn, and our country is discredited. In the social life of some European capitals the phrase "like an American Minister" has grown to stand as the synonym for a striking anomaly, or to suggest the extreme of personal eccentricity.

In the course of twenty or twenty-five years in Europe I have encountered a very remarkable variety of these American representatives, and, like most of our countrymen with the same experience, have been profoundly mortified that our sensitive race, our glorious land and our splendid democratic institutions should be made to appear grotesque in the eyes of the wondering world.

American Bulls in Diplomatic China Shops

THE majority of the extraordinary official individuals whom I recall at the moment were characterized by an amazing indifference as to what foreigners might think of them or their country. Their dominant idea was that the post was worth just so much money, and inasmuch as their incumbency would not likely extend beyond four years, their plain duty was to save everything they could out of their salaries. Consequently, many of them lived in an economical simplicity that was much more humble than the households of many of the servants of other foreign diplomats. This mode of existence seemed to generate among these parsimonious gentlemen a recklessness of demeanor that often became a scandal in the community.

There are other types of American envoys who are still more offensive to one's national and personal pride than the specimens who regard their high posts simply as well-paying jobs. The chief of these is the crude citizen of flamboyant attire and uncouth manner, who struts through his official life, bellowing his sneers at everything that is not American. Another is the type of envoy who uses excessive profanity to express his loathing for society, which he styles degenerate; or his disdain for ordinary politeness, which he classifies as a nauseating effeminacy; or his unrestrained contempt for a dress coat, to him the emblem of foppishness. Still another is the singular pattern of humanity who, on all occasions, gives free rein to his astonishment that Europe does not abandon its habit of talking ridiculous languages, and adopt, instead, the rural American dialect.

It is not unusual to find the stamp of American envoy who is so overawed by his surroundings that he lives in the constant occupation of trying to crawl into his shell—though his timidity rarely induces him to resign his post. There was one of this breed not many years ago in one of the smaller European capitals. On the day he was to be received by the King for the presentation of his letter of credence, the sight of the gorgeous royal coach waiting before his door to take him to the palace threw him into such a spasm of stage-fright that the ceremony had to be adjourned *sine die*.

I witnessed the début at court of another rustic representative and his wife, and my heart wept for their pitiful embarrassment. On another occasion I accompanied the American Minister to the palace on the day of his first audience with the sovereign, so that I could interpret the colloquy. My chief had committed his little speech to memory, but forgot every word of it the moment he shook hands with the monarch.

"For Heaven's sake," he gasped, "ask the King to wait a moment until I can collect my thoughts. I am awfully nervous."

"Your Majesty," said I as if interpreting, "the United States Minister expresses his profound appreciation of the honor of conveying to your Majesty, and your Majesty's government and people, the renewal of the expression of friendship and sympathy that unite our two races."

Here I stopped and turned to my chief to be further prompted. "What did the King say? Will he give me a minute to think?" murmured the unhappy man.

Indianapolis Jests Lost in Transit

"YOUR MAJESTY," I resumed, "the representative of the United States declares that it will be ever his proud privilege, as it will be a genuine personal delight to him, to promote, in every possible way, the continuance of the most amicable relations between two great countries, whose mutual affection and esteem have been fortified and intensified as the years roll on."

"Tell him I'll be all right in a minute," persisted the Minister, as I pretended to stop and be coached.

"His Excellency," I went on, "adds the hope that your Majesty's life may be spared for many years, for not alone the people of this great country, but the entire world, rejoice that such an enlightened sovereign should rule the destinies of this heroic race, and ——".

"I've got it now—I've got it now," interrupted my chief. "Tell him ——"

"And should prove to mankind," I continued, "that Providence is watching over this world and this age of ours with beneficent solicitude."

"Your Majesty," began the Minister.

"Don't talk now," I whispered to him. "The King is going to speak."

And he did. He thanked the American envoy for the message of good will he had brought across the Atlantic, and expressed his deep, personal gratification that the United States had chosen for its Minister a distinguished citizen who had voiced such sincere admiration for the land to which he would be so heartily welcomed.

On one other occasion, with another Minister, I played a somewhat similar rôle. This gentleman had been placed so perfectly at his ease by the charming suavity of the sovereign that he began to tell the King one or two American stories that had been much appreciated in Indianapolis, but which owed their vogue entirely to local conditions, and which, as they contained a play upon words, lost their points when translated into a foreign language. This ordeal was more difficult than my previous experience, for I had to resurrect very hurriedly some jokes I had heard in Europe, and substitute them for the ones the Minister was narrating while I pretended to interpret them to the King. The Minister was delighted with the success of his stories, for the King could not have laughed more heartily if he had been the funniest wag in all Indiana.

A naturalized citizen who once represented the United States at Stockholm was the subject of many anecdotes that were related to me. He was a Norwegian by birth, and shared the antipathy of many of his countrymen for Sweden. One of the stories concerns the Minister's first interview with the King for the presentation of his letters of credence. King Oscar greeted his guest in French. The envoy answered in Norwegian. This being opposed to all court etiquette, the King then spoke to the plenipotentiary in the language of the country the diplomat represented. The latter disdained the use of English, too, and again retorted in Norwegian. Then the amiable monarch smilingly consented to humor the whim of his visitor, and began to speak in the Norwegian tongue. He had hardly uttered a dozen words when the droll diplomatist interrupted his Majesty with a loud laugh.

"No wonder you didn't want to talk Norwegian," he roared, "for you speak it with a strong Swedish accent."

"Your Excellency should bear with my defect," answered the King, with extreme courtesy, "for you have probably the same difficulty in speaking the language of the country that you represent as Minister."

"That's different," retorted the diplomat with some fervor.

"And we are different, too," mildly observed the head of the then dual monarchy.

Though official Washington may know practically nothing of these cases, you will find photographs of all these types stamped indelibly, and tinted with shame, on the memories of Americans who have resided much in Europe. There is one of the droll collection, however, who doubtless figures in the archives of the State Department, or is at least remembered as an eccentric celebrity by old-time officials there, just as he is recalled with wonderment by foreign diplomats all over the world. This man left a name wreathed with laughter and disgust in the Old World city where his fantastic career ran its four years' course. He it was whom I have already mentioned as the most historic of all our diplomatic freaks. He stayed in the service during only one Administration, but he was kept there by the then President in the face of private and newspaper clamors for his recall. During all this time I was associated with him as First Secretary of Legation.

This remarkable person was a compendium of nearly all the types of American diplomats I have described. He was the personification of intolerant assertiveness upon every possible theme. Accredited to a monarchy, he never let opportunity slip to voice his emphatic denunciation of the monarchical principle, and on one occasion strove to persuade the King that the latter was a relic of the ignorant ages. Though the capital in which he had his official residence is universally considered the most interesting city in the world from the historical standpoint, this Minister immensely enjoyed cornering an enthusiastic patriot and telling him that the musty, crumbling old town, littered with magnificent ruins of antiquity, was emblematic of the decay of the nation and the race. This extraordinary envoy had such an overpowering contempt for society that he could not refrain from going into it periodically for the sheer delight of telling those he met that they ought to be working for their living, or staying at home to mind the babies. He spat upon all conventions, and, being an inveterate tobacco-chewer, did it literally as well as figuratively. He never invited any one to his house, and whenever any of his diplomatic confrères or a member of the American colony called, he practiced a peculiar code of ethics that dissuaded every one from repeating the experiment. When he was new to his post he used to receive invitations to all sorts of entertainments, which he made it a rule never to answer, and was immensely rejoiced when all such missives stopped coming.

All the Americans who ever came in contact with this amazing representative of their country, or who ever heard of his eccentricities, were deeply mortified; but they had one flattering unction they could lay to their souls: he was a fellow-countryman only by naturalization. He was already a man when he went to the United States. He settled in Ohio, and was for a time on the bench. His appointment was urged upon the President by the rich and influential proprietor of a foreign newspaper in New York City, a power in politics.

Even if the President had known nothing of the characteristics of the person thus pressed upon him, the man's foreign birth should have been an effective bar to his being sent abroad to represent us. There was still another flagrant disqualification. The "Judge" was also one of the leaders of the cult of so-called Free-Thinkers in America, and it was, at least, rather tactless to send him as envoy to a Catholic country. But the government to which he was thus accredited had just emphatically refused a previously appointed Minister from the United States, so international comity compelled his acceptance.

An Amazing Ambassador and His Antics

WHEN the new plenipotentiary was named American newspapers refrained from comment upon the appointment of a foreign-born Free-Thinker to represent the country abroad, and assumed a tone which might have been interpreted as "Let's wait to see." They did not have to wait long. The naturalized Minister from the United States began to be talked about almost as soon as he entered upon his official duties. First his colleagues in the diplomatic corps began to comment among themselves upon the very odd manners of the official newcomer, and gradually their criticisms drifted across the Atlantic and became the topic of conversation in diplomatic circles in Washington. Then the American colony woke up to the fact that they had pulled a Tartar out of the political grab-bag. In a little while they grew to regard the Minister as a standing affront to their nationality, and official protests, as well as letters to the American press, soon made of the new representative a public scandal.

He established the Legation in a second-story flat of a cheap little villa on a remote street, where no other nation, great or small, had ever had its headquarters. The entrance to the Legation and to the Ministerial abode was through a side door of the house that had been used only by the servants and the boys who brought home the marketing. Whether it was an Ambassador who came to call, or a mendicant begging cold victuals, the entrance was through the same narrow little door, that opened by a cord from within. Seeing the portal spring lightly ajar, you expected to encounter the liveried butler, but when he failed to show himself you pushed the door open wide enough to enter. You saw none, but presently you heard a voice, a woman's voice, calling from above, in English, but with a strong foreign accent, "Who's there?" If you asked for the Minister of the Legation, the voice called back to you, "Coom right up." When you climbed the second flight, you usually found a humbly-attired, elderly woman waiting for you on the landing. If you had never been there before, you took her for a servant. Otherwise you somehow realized that she was the foreign-born wife of the foreign-born American representative.

Unless you were familiar with the Minister's native language, the lady of the Legation confined herself to saying "Good-morning," and pointed to a door on one

(Concluded on Page 21)

SPECULATION—By Our Readers

Building Up on Bonds

I COMMENCED earning my own living when I was thirteen years old, and I have been on the job steadily for twenty-five years. My invariable rule has been to spend only half of what I earned, applying the other half to capital account.

By the time I was twenty-three I had lost money by nearly all of the known methods. I was in the real-estate booms of the woolly Western towns in the eighties; I cheerfully dropped money down the dark mouths of Colorado mining prospects, and the Chicago bucket-shop was no terra incognita to me.

These general experiences left me no poorer than when I began, and infinitely wiser. I credited them to experience, and my heaviest interest has been drawn from that account.

About twelve years ago I unexpectedly acquired a capital of about ten thousand dollars and started to make it grow along conservative lines. I have steadily dealt through regular speculative channels, and have confined my operations strictly to stocks and bonds of intrinsic worth. When times are good and money is in demand I buy bonds, for then bonds are cheapest; and when times are bad and money tight I sell bonds and buy stocks, for then bonds are highest and stocks are lowest. This rule, in a general way, has never failed me. I do not despise the small profit, and the oftener I can turn my money over the better I like it. I never wait for the lowest price when I buy, and I never hold for the highest. The other fellow is welcome to make a dollar, too. Brokers, of course, have taken a good deal of my money in commissions, but that is one of the necessary expenses in connection with regular speculation.

From the earnings of my original ten thousand dollars I have regularly drawn fifty dollars per month, or six per cent. per annum, further profits being added to capital, which, in twelve years, has just about doubled, standing now at something over twenty thousand dollars at present market quotations.

Speculation of this kind is safer than ordinary business, it keeps the mind alert and active, and it keeps one in closest touch with general affairs. To the trained speculator, big or little, no happening in any part of the world is too small or unimportant for his consideration in its bearing on general affairs and conditions; and his, too, is the analytical mind.

Speculation is good as it is used, bad as it is abused, which is also true of about everything else in life. One extreme of speculation may be represented by the race-track, the other by the Baltic Exchange in London, and every shade of the spectrum lies between. —F. J. B.

The Root of the Evil

SPECULATION as it is now carried on in America is a menace, and a serious one, to our future prosperity and position as a world power, for the simple reason that it is tremendously overdone. Every thinking man knows that any legitimate enterprise can become insolvent from too much business just as well as from not enough; and coming down to Wall Street, where transactions are carried on daily that astound even the hardened dwellers of that narrow lane and its surroundings, this fact has been brought home to us over and over again. And with what result? It is true that agitation against it has sprung up in Congress, in State Legislatures and in numerous periodicals. But again I ask, With what result? Efforts have been made to abolish the Chicago Board of Trade and the New York Cotton Exchange, as well as the New York Stock Exchange, but nothing has been accomplished, and, in my opinion, it is a very good thing for us as a nation that these, as well as similar institutions, are still in existence; for they are unquestionably the market-places of our product and securities representing that product.

During the past five years I have handled several thousand transactions on the three exchanges mentioned, and during that time have repeatedly endeavored to get a satisfactory explanation of the difference between speculation and investment. When a man buys or sells on a margin his transaction is more precarious than an outright purchase, but both are done with the single view of increasing his wealth.

Some people have tried to argue against this theory, claiming that some "investments" are made with a view of holding on to what they represent and to receive a fair rate of interest therefrom; but never have I seen a purchase made unless the purchaser hoped his particular security would enhance in value.

Seldom do outright purchases result in total loss, whereas a majority of marginal ones do, and the one all-absorbing question among those who play the game is, Who gets the money? The broker, of course, gets his commission and the lending institution its interest; but the manipulator—and now we are getting down to it—gets the lion's share of the earnings. Some argue that the manipulators are a good class to receive it, as they are usually large spenders and consequently keep it in circulation; but this is only surface argument and carries no weight. I will not attempt to explain the effect of long and short commitments on the Stock Exchange; but I believe that a law, rigidly enforced, making every brokerage house carry all of its transactions, would reduce the large floating supply of different stocks and go a long way toward lessening the possibility of rank and harmful manipulations. To explain, let me say that under the present system, if one customer of a brokerage house buys one hundred shares of Copper and, later, another customer sells, or goes short of, one hundred shares of the same stock, the house simply delivers the one hundred shares bought against the one hundred shares sold, and carries no stock either in its box or on its loans, but on its books has the first customer charged with the one hundred shares bought and the second customer credited with the one hundred shares sold; and, although the certificate for this stock has passed through their hands, nothing remains to show for it except the two open accounts.

A number of members of the New York Stock Exchange claim to carry all accounts, but a large number are frank in their statements that they do not make any pretense of doing so. The one reason that the majority of marginal transactions show a loss is because it is human nature for a man dealing in the stock market to take a small profit when obtainable, and hold on to a stock that is moving against him until the end of his resources. This might be all right when the customer has unlimited means and does not overtrade, but the vast majority of small dealers start on a few hundred dollars with the idea of making a fortune in a short time; whereas, if they bought ten to twenty shares outright, or even on a margin of say fifty per cent., and held on long enough, the result would usually be profitable. Instead of doing this they figure that one point rise on twenty shares is twenty dollars, whereas one point rise on one hundred shares is one hundred dollars; and, in their endeavor to get rich quick, disregard the question of capital and overtrade, with a loss as the result.

It is true that it is their own money, or usually is, and that, therefore, it is nobody's business but their own. But because of this it seems that it will be a long time before any effective steps are taken to suppress the evil. When John W. Gates made his statement that "everything was a gamble," he might have gone further and stated that the United States was a nation of gamblers. —J. R.

The Get-Rich-Quick Germ

WHEN a lad seventeen years of age, and at home on my father's farm, I listened to the tales of a friend of the family who was investing his surplus cash in good dividend-paying industrial stocks. Being impressed with the largeness of his income I sent my entire savings, amounting to two hundred dollars, to a reputable New York brokerage house. They purchased for me two shares of Sugar stock.

The market soon made a sensational advance and in a few weeks I sold my stock at a net profit of thirty-two dollars. From that time I was a changed man. The desire of investment had been transformed into the seed of speculation, and I immediately sent all the money I had and bought on a margin. This time I employed a broker who advertised to do business on a cut-rate commission. He wrote me optimistic letters while the market steadily declined. I began to borrow money and, when in the hole to the amount of nearly two hundred dollars, I quit the game.

Soon after this I left the farm and, for several years, refrained from all contact with Wall Street; but, near the close of the Spanish-American War, when stocks were recovering, I again entered the field. For a year fortune smiled upon me and all went well. While well ahead of the game I had the good sense to realize that the stock market was ruining me for any legitimate business.

Exercising my will power I abruptly quit the game, as I supposed, for good.

But in a few years the old fever to gamble on a margin came back, and this time I lost all I had previously made. Succeeding years have been but a repetition of this experience: every two or three years I am filled with a desire to take another flyer, and although the balance-sheet for all these years shows no loss, neither does it show a profit.

I believe that the curse of the stock market is in the desire which it creates in the hearts of its followers to "get rich quick." Many a conservative man has purchased stock purely as an investment and a sudden rise in values has transformed him into a "margin fiend."

My observation and experience lead me to believe that a young man is never able to fully free himself from the speculative craze, and that it is a destroyer of the moderately conservative spirit which characterizes the successful business man. —C. J. A.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

"Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be!"
—*Old Song*

"Go Away!" Said the Prince Petulantly. "This is No Place for You"

By Bert Leston Taylor

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"WHAT'S the matter?" asked Miss Middleton.

The Prince jerked a quick glance in her direction. Just the faintest flash of irritation showed in his eyes.

"A few little things to fix," he answered rather curtly.

"I say, Prince," drawled Hollister, "you've had that car in the garage a full week."

"Well?"

"And there are still a few little things to fix?"

"Yes." The Prince gestured resignation.

"It's like getting a gown away from a dressmaker," Miss Middleton contributed.

The Prince wiped his oily hands with a piece of waste.

"There *are* people," said he, "who would be satisfied to drive this car just as she is; but I have to feel that everything is in perfect order—every nut tight, every bearing true, every explosion as regular as an infant's breathing."

"When a good motorist dies and goes to Heaven they give him that kind of a car," said Hollister.

"Still," said I, "there is no knowing how many times the Prophet Elijah stopped on his way to Paradise."

"At least," said the Prince, "there was nobody along to bother him with fool questions."

The shot glanced.

"And nobody to sit beside him and blow the Gabriel's horn," said Miss Middleton, whose special joy it was to perform on this instrument whenever the highway deviated a wheel's-breadth from the mathematically straight. One got enough of that in time.

We chattered of the Prophet's headlong course along the Milky Way; of brushes with high-power comets, of collisions with meteors narrowly averted, of long, straight reaches through the unobstructed ether. The Prince took no part in the nonsense, but stood gloomily regarding his car.

"I believe I'll run her up to the factory to-morrow," he announced. "These garage mechanics know no more about the inner processes of a car than you do. Their only purpose is to keep the wheels going round."

The mechanic who was working over the car grinned.

"You consider the continuous revolution of wheels a mere detail," Hollister remarked.

"Well, when I pay three thousand dollars for a car I don't want to feel that I am likely to get stalled in an impenetrable forest. I have a horror of being hauled home by a horse."

"A nightmare!"

The Prince smiled wearily.

"All right, now, Louis?" he queried.

The man in the overalls gave the inner processes of the car a parting tap with his wrench. "All to the Worcestershire," was his assuring response.

We took ship. Usually Miss Middleton sat beside the Prince; their friends looked upon them as an engaged couple, and waited only the formal cards. But on this occasion the Prince signaled that I should share with him the seat which first impinges on the immovable obstacle, commonly a telegraph pole.

"I have something to say to Timby, Evelyn," he explained.

She nodded acquiescence, and took seat in the tonneau with Hollister. The latter looked slightly bored. He would have preferred my company, I knew, while I should have welcomed Miss Middleton's. Yes: let me say at once that I admired the young lady exceedingly, and regarded with melancholy her preference for the Prince, to whom I had had the honor of introducing her the winter previous.

We called him the Prince for reasons more or less obvious. He was the possessor of an automobile, with which he entertained his friends in a manner nothing short of princely. He never drove *solus*. Not because a motorist alone in his car is the loneliest creature in the gayest of possible worlds, but because the Prince was by nature bountiful. At that, some one ought to be along to assist in cursing the constabulary; to admire the skill that skirts a thousand small obstructions in the road; to hearken to the absorbing details of a brush with "a big red car that tried to pass me on a hill"; to hear about the longer-bodied auto to be bought next year; to be advised of the virtues inherent in dismountable rims, multiple disk clutches, two-cylinder units, and other things; in general, to listen to a fortissimo monologue the like of which may not be enjoyed outside a machine-shop.

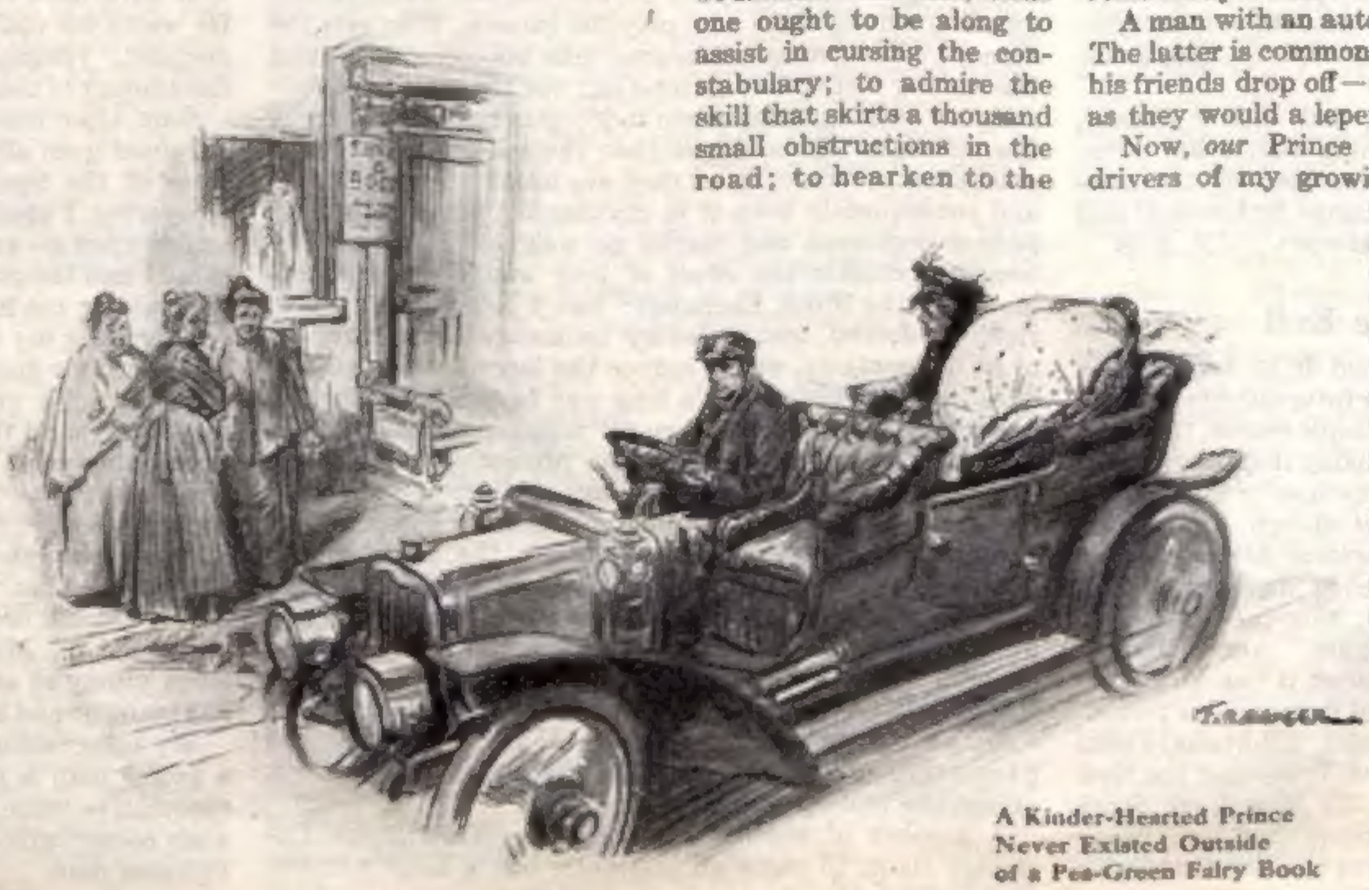
If, by any chance, the Prince were companionless, his benevolence prompted him to offer a lift to wayfaring members of the proletariat: aged washerwomen tottering home after an exhausting day in the suds, fagged old gentlemen shuffling in the dust of the highway, leaden-footed school-children returning from their enervating studies. Surely a kinder-hearted Prince never existed outside of a pea-green fairy book.

No; a bid from this munificent young gentleman was never motived by aversion to solitude; and I, for one, was very glad to ride with him. At any time of the day or night his autocratic *honk* was a royal summons which I hastened to obey. The car stood before my suburban lodgings so often that the neighbors came to believe me the owner of it. "What a fine-looking chaffo you have!" said Mrs. Ephraim Peck. "Yes," said I, "but you should see him when he is shaved and dressed up." (Poor Prince! His devotion to his friends leaves him no time to dress the part of gentleman driver.) "French?" asked Mrs. Peck. "Oh, no. He belongs to one of our best families." She nodded sagely: "Drink, I suppose." I hastened to assure the lady that not rum, but worry, had paled the roses in my "chaffo's" cheeks. He worried over the car.

A man with an auto is apt to be either a prince or a pest. The latter is common enough, as many know. One by one his friends drop off—or are jolted off—and they shun him as they would a leper. "Unsafe! Unsafe!" they cry.

Now, *our* Prince was one of the most conservative drivers of my growing motor acquaintance, and I was wholly at ease in his company. He never skidded when the road was overmuddy; he never got out on the running-board when taking a turn at speed; he usually shut off the power when coasting down a long, steep hill; and his velocity on country roads with which he was not acquainted rarely exceeded forty miles an hour.

Personally, I prefer thirty. One has more opportunity to look about—a natural impulse when traversing an unfamiliar countryside; one is able to distinguish a church from a windmill, a bird from a wildflower. Not that it particularly matters.



A Kinder-Hearted Prince Never Existed Outside of a Pea-Green Fairy Book

II

WHEN the Hikemobile turned her radiator toward the Unforeseen she seemed to me to be working very nicely—"running like a breeze," to

borrow a phrase from the rich vocabulary of the Sons of Juggernaut. I said as much to our host, but he returned a fretful negative.

"She's missing again."

I listened attentively, but could distinguish no irregularity in the engine's pulsing.

"Prince," said I, "it is *you* who are missing: you are missing a good time. After all, there is no reason why *you* should not participate in our enjoyment. The mere fact that it is *your* auto ——"

"Oh, blazes! A man can't feel wildly hilarious when he knows his machine is ready to go to pieces under him."

"It seems all right to me."

"Of course, it seems all right to *you*." He regarded me with good-natured disdain. "But Hollister—I particularly wanted to make a good showing before him."

Hollister had been motoring all over Europe in a million-dollar car.

"This isn't a French road, Prince."

"Ah, what roads they have in France!" he murmured raptly. "That's Paradise!"

Various are the conceptions of Paradise. To a faithful follower of Islam it is a place where houris wait to rearrange the sofa cushions and fan away the flies. To one of the 57 varieties of Socialists it is a place where umbrellas, lawn-mowers, ice-cream freezers and other things are owned in common. To a motor enthusiast it is that miracle of perfection, a French road—straight, smooth, empty—an enchanted pike, a lane of unalloyed delight.

But this is mere digression.

As we drew toward the northern limits of the city it was apparent, even to my untutored automentality, that something was wrong with the Hikemobile. She labored; she took short hills in spiritless fashion; she justified her owner's discontent. Presently the Prince braked short and got out to investigate.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Middleton.

I fancied I heard the Prince's teeth click together.

"If I find out, Evelyn, I'll let you know."

Downright rudeness from the most courteous of men! Hollister glanced at me, his eyebrows lifting and his lips framing an undischarged whistle. Knowing something of motorists, I had apprehended, some time since, that nothing so inevitably gets on their nerves as the eternal question, "What's the matter?" Miss Middleton ought to be warned; but I shirked so grave a responsibility.

There really was something the matter. Not only was the nigh-hind tire down, with a rusty nail through the inner tube, but the shoe of the off-front tire was wholly out of commission.

"And only a month ago," said the Prince plaintively, "I had that shoe redecorated and new wall-paper put on." He fetched a sigh from the depths of his despondency.

We debarked, and the Prince, lifting the lid of the tonneau seat, drew out a dustcoat, a pair of goggles, a map of Connecticut, a raincoat, a magazine, a cap, a package of Ulacka biscuits, and a small jack. This last, being best adapted to his peculiar purpose, he placed beneath the axle of the car, removed his coat and rolled back his sleeves.

"Puzzle picture," remarked Hollister: "Find the owner of the car."

The usual knot of bystanders began to congregate. A bicycle cop rode up.

"Go away!" said the Prince petulantly. "This is no place for you."

The man grinned and squinted at the sky. "Looks like a shower," he remarked. After which cheerful forecast he wheeled away.

There chanced to be a roadhouse hard by, and thither I proceeded, to 'phone the garage for supplies. Hollister and Miss Middleton followed, and we sat on the inn porch and discussed an interesting point in the psychology of motoring.

Before the Prince acquired a car his bump of humor would have stayed the fingers of a phrenologist. The moving accidents of motor-driving never failed to tickle his risible nerve, and he would relate his adventures awheel (in other people's cars) with a keen appreciation of humor values and a wealth of amusing detail. But now what a sad dog was he! How seriously he took the sport of princes! An intrinsically humorous happening, like running short of gasoline on a country lane at midnight, no longer elicited a light laugh, but a heavy malediction.

"And when he knocks over a dog or runs into a coal wagon," said Miss Middleton, "he gets really peevish."

I remarked that gravity, if not peevishness, was common to motor-owners, as it is to yachtsmen. A yachtsman aboard his own craft is a very solemn person.

The car being within sight of the roadhouse, the Prince presently joined us, dropping heavily into a chair.

"'Quite chapfallen,'" quoted Hollister. "'Where be his gibes now, his flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar!'"

Our host swept his perspiring brow with a grimy hand. "It takes all kinds of people to make a world," said he, "including those who crack jokes when an auto breaks down."

III

IN THE laggard course of time the new tires and shoe arrived, and ten minutes later we rolled away on a fresh footing. The distribution of passengers remained the same: Hollister and Miss Middleton occupied the tonneau. I suspected that the Prince, in his present state of nervous irritation, deemed it wise to avoid Miss Middleton's propinquity: when one's beloved gets on one's nerves the course of true love runs to white water and whirlpools. Evelyn seemed unaware of rocks ahead.

The Hikemobile was running as smoothly as the love of Philemon and Baucis.

"Well, Prince," I remarked, "there can be no reason for further anxiety."

"Just because I have blown in seventy-four dollars on tiring? My dear fellow, an obvious external disorder like a punctured tube doesn't worry me in the least. There's something radically wrong with the *inside* of this car; that is what's making me grayheaded."

We swung into a straight stretch of good road and proceeded to burn it up. Instructing me to keep an eye out for a white helmet, the Prince called over his shoulder: "I suppose, Hollister, this doesn't interest you much."

The Rest Perished. I Bent Over Swiftly and Kissed Her

"Oh, it does very well," Hollister replied tolerantly.

"Awfully good of you to come. Next year, when I have my new car ——"

A passing Son of Juggernaut made the sign of the brotherhood, and the Prince, grumbling, slowed to the legal limit. Under a spreading chestnut tree the village constable stood.

"And yet some people call this a free country!" said I.

"They order these things much better in France," Hollister quoted.

When we were once more under decent headway the Prince cocked a critical ear to the whirring of the mechanism.

"Don't you notice a peculiar noise?" he asked me.

I listened in vain for a discordant note in the music of the gears.

"Funny. It's as plain as a flat wheel. Can't you make out a curious buzzing sound?"

"Perhaps there's a bee in the bonnet."

"I suppose that is intended as a merry quip," said the Prince wearily. He changed the speed, exclaiming: "It's a shame the way this car is acting. She used to eat up a hill on the high."

To eat up a hill on the high! Did ever Pegasus better that? Ah, how few of us, on the dusty pike of life, are able to eat up the hills on the high! How many of us have to drop back into the low, and toil, panting and puffing, up every acclivity! And what a perfect image of man's existence is a fussing, bustling automobile! Life is only a series of explosions.

The Prince pawed the open plumbing on the dashboard, remarking: "I'm running short of oil, drat it!"

"I should think so, the way you slop it around," said I.

"Oil is cheaper than machinery—my motto. There ought to be a garage about here somewhere."

"There ought to be a garage on every corner, instead of a saloon. Man might then be a sober animal."

"He'd have to be; he wouldn't have the price of a drink. Hang it all, she's missing again!"

"Prince, you are not having a good time," said I. "Instead of surrendering to the witchery of this perfect evening, instead of yielding to the gentle influence of good society, you are honeycombed with carking care. You are haggard. You haven't shaved for two days. You are not happy."

"I'm behind on my sleep," he confessed. "This infernal car has got on my nerves frightfully."

"Why don't you sell it?"

"I will when I get a good price for it."

"You'll feel better. It will be a relief to have it off your mind."

"Yes. I want to get a bigger one."

"I mean, why not cut out motoring altogether? A couple of months in a rest cure and you would be as well as you ever were. Your constitution is naturally rugged."

"Timby, you're as funny as an earache."

"Pardon me, Prince."

"No; let *me* apologize. But you don't understand, Timby, the desperation of a man who can't find out why his car doesn't run right. Now, that peculiar buzzing sound . . ."

He stopped the car and got out.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Middleton.

I held my breath; Hollister stifled a laugh.

"You may think, Evelyn," said the Prince, with an exaggerated candor, "that I am holding back something from you; but I am not. One should be perfectly frank in these matters. Nothing is to be gained by concealment."

Perplexity shone an instant in her eyes of cornflower blue; then she smiled. "Isn't he a tease!" she exclaimed brightly.

The Prince breathed something to the innards of the car.

A passing urchin gave directions for reaching a garage, and thither we wheeled to replenish the supply of oil. It developed that the garage-keeper had once upon a time demonstrated the Hikemobile; so he was invited to demonstrate what the deuce was the trouble with this particular car. The diagnosis was careful and conscientious. The conclusion: that the ball-race needed greasing. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

"That's all the trouble," said the garageman.

"Yes?" said the Prince skeptically. "Let me then have thirty-five dollars' worth of lubricant and put it all on the ball-race, whatever that may be."

While this little matter was receiving attention we sought dinner in the vicinage; and during the meal, which was a bad one, we made concerted effort to enliven our host, to divert his thoughts into pleasant channels.

We discussed the effect of Worry—more insidious, more terrible than any drug—upon the human organism, particularly on the motor nerves. Why worry? or if one must, why not worry about something worth while—immortality, or the ultimate fate of our planet, or the possibility of a head-on collision of the earth with a tramp comet?—not about an automobile that ran like a scared rabbit, and probably hadn't a peer on the pike.

"Pooh!" said the Prince.

We prattled of pragmatism, the new fashion in philosophy, applying the pragmatic acid-test to the problem in hand. We asked, with William James: "What practical or concrete difference does it make whether an automobile functions perfectly in every part, so long as the wheels keep going round? If none, there's an end of the matter. Forget it."

"Rubbish!" said the Prince.

Philosophy failing to woo our friend from his megrims, Hollister modernized the fable of the Hare and the Tortoise. "One day," he related, "a Hare was joshing a Tortoise about his insignificant horse-power. 'Anybody can pass you on the road; you have to take even the Porcupine's dust. May I turn turtle if ever I can tell whether you are going or coming.' 'Oh,' sniffed the Tortoise, 'you are not such a quantity. You do very well for a hundred-yard dash, but when it comes to distance and

(Continued on Page 31)

THE FIRE

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

Smoking Meditatively, Saying No Word

THIS happened in the later and efficient days, after the transfer of forest matters from the Land Office to the Bureau of Forestry. Affairs were swinging into shape. Ashley Thorne, who had resigned in disgust over some of the petty grafting politics, had rejoined, and was now supervisor of one of the Sierra national forests. In the course of time he conducted an examination for prospective rangers. From the three days' ordeal Herbert Elliott and Jack Pollock emerged each with a strong hope that he had succeeded, but a dead certainty that the other must most certainly have failed. By this you will guess approximately their age. I must furthermore tell you that Elliott had been born in Vermont, raised in New York, and graduated from the forest school at Yale; while Jack Pollock was bred in the mountains, raised in the mountains and graduated from no other school than that of experience—mainly with cows.

They met on the trail leading to the supervisor's summer camp where the big sugar pines grow, and where as a wise examining officer he had decided to hold his court. In the course of an hour's ride they found out more or less about each other, most of which they did not like. Jack Pollock's expressionless, sidelong glance took in his companion's short stirrups, his khaki breeches, his leather leggings, the harmless fringed gauntlets always affected by the new-arrived Easterner; Jack Pollock's ear heard the broad "a," the animated prattle called out by the wonder of the Sierras; Jack Pollock's critical judgment noted the loose cinch, the tightly-held rein, the steady, pushing-on-up of the man unaccustomed to horses.

"He'd lose himself between here and the Branch," was the young mountaineer's unspoken comment, and as outward expression he spat carefully into the bushes.

Bert Elliott noted this. To chew tobacco, with him, was to sit in the front parlor in woolen socks. His fastidious glance rested on Jack's faded shirt, his blue overalls upheld over one shoulder, all the rest of the nondescript exterior characteristic of the out-of-door man. To this he added the impression produced by the mountaineer's monosyllabic replies to his attempts at conversation. The result looked to him exactly like a New England hayseed.

"Stupid lout," said Elliott to himself. "Just about enough sense to hop clods."

The examination did not help matters. First came the shooting with rifle and revolver, in which, of course, Pollock did the better work. Elliott, however, did well enough. Then a horse was brought out, a camp outfit scattered over the ground and the candidates told to pack up. Elliott had foreseen this test and had learned mechanically how to pack—but with kyacks or pack-sacks. He approached the horse and looked about him.

"Where are the kyacks?" he ventured to inquire.

"No kyacks," Thorne told him.

He was puzzled, but game. The mountaineers lay about on the pine needles, smoking meditatively, saying no word. For an hour and thirty-five minutes he struggled with the problem of how, with nothing but a rope, to fasten such things as coffee-pots, fry-pans, plates, potatoes, coffee sacks, fire-irons, blankets, a sack of grain, an axe and the rest of it on a sawbuck saddle. He tied them on, he lashed them, he even balanced the sack of grain *behind* the sawbuck saddle. Finally he stepped back. If the patient packhorse had walked forward a dozen steps the whole structure would have fallen to pieces.

"I reckon that'll do," said the kind-hearted examiner, and called on Jack Pollock next.

The mountaineer swiftly and compactly gathered together his equipment, made the sling, balanced his weights deftly. Then, with the ease of long practice, he threw around it the beautiful and complicated diamond hitch, the last pull on which tightened every line.

"Twelve minutes," some one announced.

One after the other the candidates stepped forward and went through with what was to them a matter of almost daily routine. Those who had prospected or punched cattle were the most deft. One old-timer threw up his hands in ten minutes flat. Others, who had worked more in the lumber camps, were not quite so expeditious, but one and all turned out a good, workmanlike result, warranted to stand the squalls of equine uncertainty.

Next the examiner led them to a blazed corner in the middle of the forest. Here he had deposited an ordinary line compass, an axe, a chain and a bunch of new-peeled stakes. Rapidly he assigned five of the candidates to the positions of a field surveying party—an axe-man, two chain-men, a target-man and the man at the compass. Jack Pollock drew the latter job.

"Run a line due south. Magnetic variation sixteen and a half degrees," commanded the examiner.

Jack Pollock set up the tripod; he gazed with uncertainty on the two spirit levels, the needle set, the sights, the arrangements for offsetting the variation. A pocket compass he could use. This was all new to him. For a long time he gazed at it. Gingerly he revolved it on its bearing, watching the while as though he expected something strange to happen. Then he fell to watching it again.

"Don't you understand a field compass?" asked the examiner, at last.

"No, sir," replied Jack stolidly.

"Smith, you take the compass. Pollock, carry chain."

Jack fell back, his tanned face absolutely expressionless, and picked up the steel and the bundles of stakes.

Smith understood setting the compass. He sighted correctly enough, but went forward only one chain to the sight. Finally, all had had a chance at the compass but Elliott. The last man came head-on to a big pine.

"What you going to do now?" asked Thorne crisply.

"Go around it," he replied boldly, and this he proceeded to do, planting his tripod on the other side of the tree. Thorne bit at his clipped mustache a moment to hide his amusement.

"Anybody any different notions?" he inquired at last.

"I'd make an offset," spoke up Elliott, after a pause.

"Do so," commanded Thorne.

Elliott whirled his instrument with deft fingers. He made the offset; then commanded his target-man to retreat to the limits of visibility, taking thus several chains at a sight. When he came to a hill he showed his chain-men how to measure the actual horizontal distance by a series of zigzags. Thorne smiled his approval.

"I wondered if none of you knew enough to break the chain," was his comment. "That'll do for this squad."

While the other candidates were having their try at the surveying the first crew returned to their camp under the sugar pines near the supervisor's headquarters. There each occupied himself after his own ideas. When evening came the men combined their efforts toward cooking food with the conveniences provided for them, and at dark they touched off a big pile of branches and split cedar. The supervisor and several of his rangers came to sit with them. When the coals had dropped they turned in.

In the course of the events thus briefly described Herbert Elliott noticed that the young mountaineer fried things in two inches of lard, ate rapidly with his knife, wiped his lips on an old red bandanna handkerchief, and turned in after removing simply his boots and trousers. On the other hand, Jack Pollock's expressionless but keen eyes took in the Easterner's small refinements and laid them contemptuously away under the general category of "frills." In a word, Elliott considered Pollock a lout; Pollock considered Elliott soft.

Next morning Thorne went on methodically with the other tests. Each candidate was required to saddle his horse, ride a quarter mile, return and unsaddle. Men like Pollock, who had been brought up in the cow business, handled their animals deftly and surely. Elliott, accustomed to English saddles and park riding, fumbled desperately with the heavy stock saddle and folded blankets, with the latigos and split-ear bridles, and finally bobbed away ludicrously ill at ease in the straight-up-and-down cowboy seat. In the chopping contest, also, he made a poor fist. Each candidate was assigned an axe and a yellow pine tree twenty inches or so in diameter. Twenty or thirty feet from the base Thorne stuck upright a sharpened picket. The axe-man was supposed to fell the tree with such accuracy as to drive the stake.

It was really beautiful to see how the woodsmen in the little party took hold. To all appearance they struck easily, yet each stroke buried half the blade. The less experienced were inclined to put a great deal of swift power in the back swing, to throw too much strength into the beginning of the down stroke. The more expert drew back quite deliberately, swung forward almost lazily. But the power constantly increased, until the axe met the wood in a mighty swish and whack. And each stroke fell in the gash of the one previous. Methodically they opened the "kerf," each surface almost as smooth as though it had been sawed. At the finish they left the last fibres on one side or another according as they wanted to twist the direction of the tree's fall. Always the trunk crashed down across the stake driven in the ground.

Pollock, accustomed to the use of the axe only as are all mountaineers, did a workmanlike, but not expert, job. He felled his tree accurately over the mark, and his axe work was clean enough, but it took him some time to finish. Thorne examined the kerf, glanced at his watch and marked down an 80 in the little book he carried.

But poor Elliott found himself in tribulation. The axe would not fall twice in the same place; it seemed to have no cutting power; it developed the most diabolical tendency to twist in midair. Once it all but jerked itself out of his hands. Again it just failed of cutting his leg. Long after the last crash had announced that every one else had finished he hacked away. He had no definite idea of system. All he tried to do was to accomplish some kind of a hole in that tree. The others squatted on logs and against tree-trunks—at a respectable distance. Elliott was desperately conscious of them and of their critical silence. Also he had already developed blisters on his left hand. The chips he cut away were small and ragged; the

gash in the side of the tree was long and irregular. For the first time that day Jack Pollock broke the watchful silence that he maintained during the actual progress of the examinations.

"Looks like somethin' had set out to *chaw* that tree down," he drawled to his neighbor. And Elliott heard him.

The rest of the day, also, was consumed in the field tests — the estimating of timber, the drawing of sketch maps and the like. On the third and last day the candidates were all herded into the supervisor's camp and provided with pencil and paper and a list of questions. In half an hour Jack Pollock came out looking somewhat bewildered.

"I plumb told him all I knowed, and all my father knowed, and all my granddad even guessed at," he told California John, who was building a corral in company with a number of rangers, "and I filled up four sheets of paper about nothin'!"

Herbert Elliott wrote until noon and handed in a complete and excellent paper.

That afternoon the candidates scattered to their various homes there to await appointments. Jack Pollock was satisfied.

"I showed them I could take care of myself in the hills," said he to his father near Coarse Gold, "and Mr. Thorne knows well enough that I can build trail and run stock. They sprung some writin' on us, but I done pretty well at it; and, anyway, they don't expect rangers to find time for much besides rustlin'. I think I passed all right." He paused and chuckled. "Dad, there was one fellow there, regular Easterner dude. You ought to a seen him spraddle all over a horse! And his pack! Old Sukey was so plumb surprised she forgot to kick him."

At about the same time Herbert Elliott was writing home.

"I m pretty green at this sort of thing, but a man can pick it up. And I hit him pretty hard in the written test. What the Service is in need of is intelligent, well-educated men. The ignorant backwoodsman was all right in pioneering, but his day is passing before scientific methods ——"

II

TWO months later both our heroes received curt, official notice to report to headquarters. They did so at once. When they met, each stared for a moment incredulously at the other's badge and then, beneath their respective breaths, made the same remark. Which proves that, at least in the expression of violent amazement, they both spoke the same language.

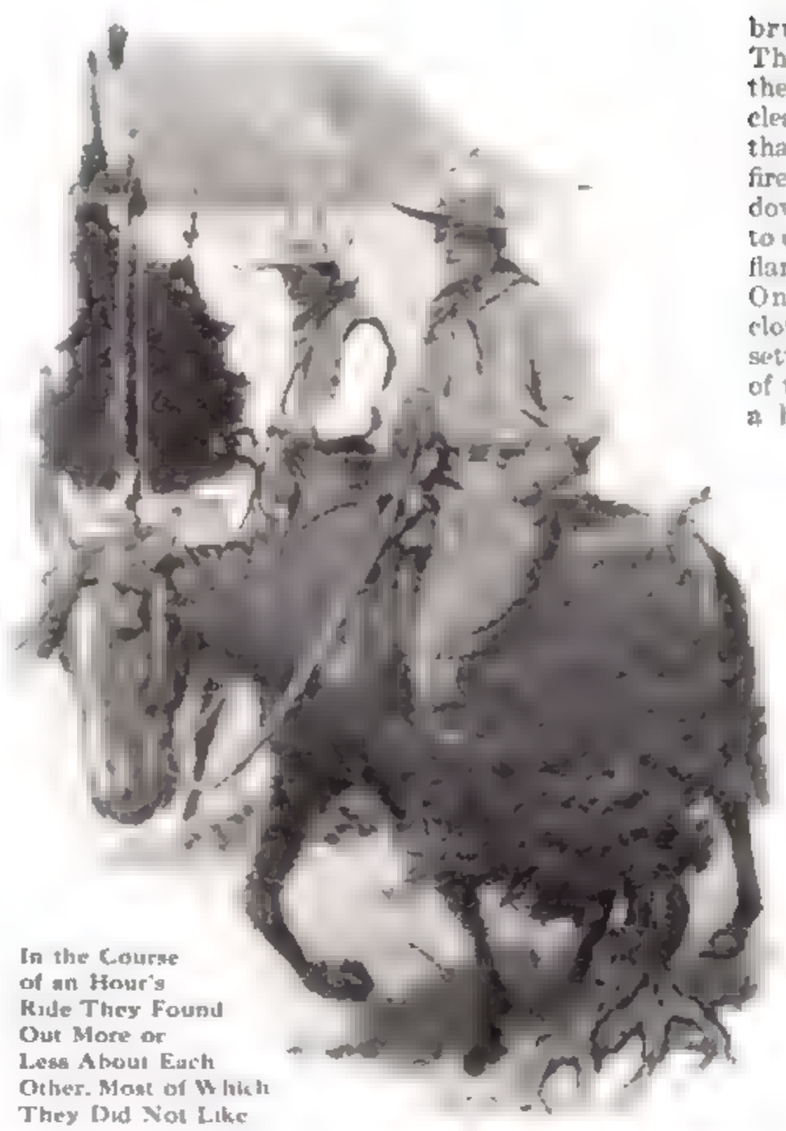
As new men their duties lay chiefly about the supervisor's summer camp. Some of the buildings were still in the course of construction. All day long the younger guards and rangers hewed, chopped, heaved and hammered. All was home-made except the windows and sashes. Even the shakes—or riven shingles—were split on the premises. It was pleasant work, under the pines, with the mountain birds chirping and scratching among the tangles of chinquapin, the mountain brook singing beneath the shadow of fern and mandrake, and the mountain air stealing about like an invisible spirit with cool, tiny fingers. Also it was commonplace work. The men at morn and at night tramped a quarter mile to their own camp by the side of the wagon trail. There they had to do their own cooking, their own dish-washing, their own laundry work. In the division of the communal tasks and in their proper accomplishment, the three or four permanent residents of the little camp came to know each other very well

Pollock and Elliott never sufficiently overcame first bad impressions to get acquainted. They merely got on each other's nerves. Being somewhat youthful each brooded darkly at times over the other's delinquencies. If it happened to be Pollock's day for carrying up the water, Elliott kept an aggrieved eye on the nearly empty pail. And so on. It is useless to tell you more of it.

"If that fellow didn't have a big pull he'd never hold his job."

"Service was surely stung with that one."

These opinions you can sort out and assign for yourselves.



In the Course of an Hour's Ride They Found Out More or Less About Each Other, Most of Which They Did Not Like

In ordinary intercourse they addressed each other as "Mr. Pollock" and "Mr. Elliott," to the vast but secret amusement of Ashley Thorne.

"If they don't black each other's eyes," he told California John, "they'll be thick as thieves before they get through."

California John looked doubtful.

"Oil and water," he commented.

"No, sir," answered Thorne positively. "Both oil—just different brands."

III

ABOUT nine o'clock of July 5, Charley Morton rode in to report a fire over in the Granite Creek country.

"It's a big one," said he; "saw it from the top of the ridge, and came on for help without going to it."

Immediately the available men scattered to catch their horses.

"Here's where that telephone we've been hollering for would save its price—and then some," said Thorne to himself grimly. "I've got to get word somehow to the other camps."

In fifteen minutes a half-dozen mounted men, bearing hoes and axes, had ridden away under Thorne. The supervisor had commanded Pollock and Elliott to ride down the mountain to the Flats.

"Take a couple of packhorses, and get this list of grub," said he. "Get a boy to ride up to the other camps along the line, and rustle down help. Probably some of them will see the smoke, anyway. Then follow our tracks."

All that day the boys rode and packed. By shortly before sundown they and their five animals topped the ridge and looked across the deep cañon of Granite to the fire.

A vast cloud of smoke hung in the sky, spreading like a canopy from an ascending column in the trees. At least it looked like a column. In reality the burning area covered several hundred acres, but the distance and the relative proportions of the great mountains, the wide cañon, and the lazy smoke-cloud juggled all sense of proportion. The column mounted very rapidly, impelled by the upward draft. Every once in a while a leaping flash of flame shot through the murk.

The horsemen set themselves to the descent of the mountain, following the plain trail left by the preceding party. At dusk they crossed Granite Creek and commenced the climb on the other side. At this point they cut into the regular Granite Creek trail. Ten minutes later they crossed the fire-line.

Here the smoke hung heavy. The ground had been burned black and bare right down to the soil. Along the edge of the black Elliott's eye followed a peculiar path, perhaps two yards wide. It looked as though some one had gone along there with a huge broom, sweeping as one would sweep a path in deep dust. Only in this case the broom must have been a powerful implement, as well as one of wide sweep. The brushed marks went not only through the carpet of pine needles, but through the tarweed, the snow brush, the manzanita. This six-foot path was the fire-line. It had been cleared by the rangers that very day, and since fire creeps but slowly down hill, it had sufficed to check the spread of the flames in that direction. On one side of it the clothed mountainside was settling itself in the peace of twilight; on the other a blackened background threw into relief what seemed to be a thousand camp-fires.

For although the ferocity of the conflagration had passed from this area, it had left behind its rear guard of incendiarism. Fallen trees blazed, standing trees flamed like torches, but all harmlessly inside the magic circle drawn by the desperate, quick work of the rangers. The boys and their pack animals threaded their way cautiously among these isolated fires, watching lest some dead giant should fall across their path. The ground smoked under their feet. Against the background of a faint and distant roaring the immediate surroundings seemed very quiet. The individual cracklings of the flames were an undertone. Only once in a while a heavy, dull crash smote the air, as some great tree gave up the unequal struggle.

The boys passed as rapidly as they could through this stricken field. The dark had fallen, but the forest was still bright, the trail still plain. They followed it for an hour. Then far ahead they saw—wavering, flickering, leaping and receding—a line of fire. In some places it was a dozen feet high; in others it sank to within a few inches of the ground. But nowhere could the eye catch an opening through it. A roar and a crackling filled the air; a blast of heat rushed against Elliott's cheek. Here was the enemy's line of battle now advancing rapidly in a charge through the dry, inflammable low growth, now creeping stealthily in the needles and among the rocks; always making way, always gathering itself for one of its wild leaps which should lay an entire new province under its ravaging. Somewhere on the other side of that ring of fire were six men. Their task was to cut out a lane over which the fire could not leap.

Jack Pollock turned directly up the side of the mountain toward the ridge. Elliott and the docile packhorses followed him. At the top was a rocky outcrop. Here the little company succeeded in outflanking the line of flames. Within a hundred feet or so they came to a small fire licking its way along the fire-line brushed out by the rangers. This the men had ignited as a back-fire.

The two boys followed the line down the mountain for a long distance through the eddying smoke. The flames to their left shot up and died and crept. The shadows to their right—their own among them—leaped and fell. By and by, down through the mists they made out a small figure very busy at something. When they approached they found this to be Charley Morton. The ranger was using a hoe in the tar-weed where the fire had leaped the cleared path and was busily eating in all directions through the short, pitchy growth. It was as yet only a small leak, but once let it get started the whole forest would be ablaze. With short, quick jabs of his sharpened hoe Morton was cutting out a path around the licking flames. He hardly glanced up at the horsemen.

"Camp's over the ridge—inside the fire-line—where a little bunch feed is. Crew's extending the line below."

Having completed his defense he straightened his back to look at them. His face was grimed a dingy black, through which rivulets of sweat had made streaks.

"Had it pretty hot all afternoon," he proffered. "Fill my canteen for me—one of you'll be coming back this way. The other better go a ways along the fire-line to west to see if everything's all right."

The boys found the camp and turned their hobbled animals out among the rangers' horses. Then Jack Pollock went down to the left to oversee the fire-line there,

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"I'd Give a Dollar for a Drink of Water"

Human Nature in Selling Goods

Banishing the Blue Devils

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

When Noddy Found a Prospect Who Could be Called "Brother" He Sold Him a Set of Books

THERE were two brothers. The elder was the good boy of the family. Upon leaving school he found a place as errand-boy in a reputable commercial house, and stuck to it. By and by they made him a clerk at five dollars a week. A year later he got six dollars. A year later he rose to be assistant bookkeeper at seven-fifty, and a year after that he was raised to eight-fifty. His family and the neighbors often commended John as a steady lad, and envied his prospects. He himself was proud of the fact that he had never left the house where he got his start. Neighbors spoke with awe of the business standing of that house. John himself was sometimes awed at the thought that he was of value to such a concern.

The younger brother finished school two years later. Dan was not at all a bad boy. But the neighbors considered him a rolling stone, and he certainly gathered little moss. During the first year he held six different jobs. In hunting work, Dan seemed to be attracted by what was romantic, quitting as soon as the romance wore off. By day he was anything that took him outdoors—telegraph messenger, delivery-boy, city salesman's helper. At night he was usher in a cheap theatre. Once he went out as propertyman of a burlesque troupe—and got back home two weeks later in a box car.

But, finally, Dan became an advertising solicitor on a daily paper. The neighbors thought this an awfully cheeky business to be in—if it could be called a business at all. Dan liked it immensely, however, and stuck there, because the advertising manager was a sort of high-salaried rolling stone, too, and understood him thoroughly, and kept him perpetually interested. Soon Dan became the best solicitor in the office, and got absorbed in fighting the opposition of an older and wealthier paper. When his chief resigned to go to New York two years later, Dan became advertising manager at a bound.

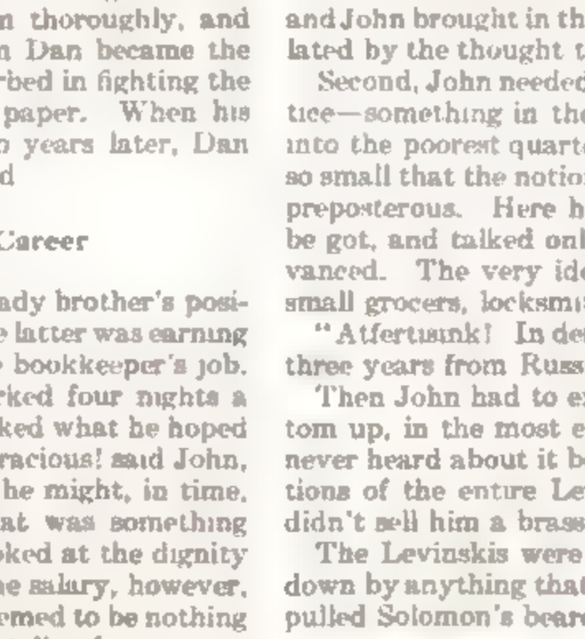
Breaking Away from a Career

THEN he began investigating the steady brother's position and prospects. By this time the latter was earning twelve dollars, and had his eyes on the bookkeeper's job. In his loyalty for the house John worked four nights a week and every other Sunday. Dan asked what he hoped to rise to in the end. Why, goodness gracious! said John, if they continued to think well of him he might, in time, be made manager of the house! That was something to be spelled with capitals, for John looked at the dignity of the position. Dan looked right at the salary, however, which was only thirty dollars. There seemed to be nothing higher, and the present manager might live forty years.

"John, you'd better come with the Journal, and learn to sell advertising space," said his brother. "I'll give you fifteen dollars to begin, and in a year you ought to be making as much as your manager."

This suggestion shocked John at first. It broke up his career. Besides, he felt temperamentally unfit to undertake work that called for so much brass as soliciting ads. But the unsteady brother agreed to find him another clerical job if he didn't succeed. Eventually John came, and was put at the beginner's drudgery of hunting up classified "liners," and became a perfect reservoir of that depression that every manager of a sales force has to contend with—namely, the despondency of the salesman who has had a bad day of it.

John caught the blue devils of salesmanship in their most malignant form. Every morning Dan gave his orderly, conscientious, recluse brother a list of boarding-houses, real-estate agents and misfit clothing parlors, and sent him out to rub a thick-skinned, busy world the wrong way. About five o'clock John would come in "all shot to pieces," as Dan expressed it. Sometimes the cruel, calculating world drove him back as early as two, vowing that never again would he submit to such rebuffs and misery.



"Now, Joe, You Git, an' I Don't Want to See Your Sour Face Around Here for a Week—Understand?"

Then Dan would sit down with the despondent and bring all his varied experience of people to bear in getting him tuned up for another day's practice. He would have John tell just whom he had called on, what he had said, what was said in reply, and what John said to that. Then he would suggest things that he might have said instead.

At the outset John felt the deepest personal resentment for people who met him with rebuffs or indifference. He brooded over these. He mentally laid out schemes of revenge whereby he was to wait and wait, years if need be, growing more important and unrelenting all the while. At last there would come a fateful day when he could fall like a house on Mrs. O'Brien, the landlady on Emmett Street, who had said that the reason she didn't advertise in the Journal was because she didn't want a lot of black Republican boarders. Dan showed John that he couldn't hold his resentment that long. Besides, the punishment was too heavy for the crime. Moreover, the Widow O'Brien was a woman. So in a few weeks John learned one thing highly useful in salesmanship—namely, to forget Mrs. O'Brien the moment he closed her door, and do it as completely as Mrs. O'Brien forgot him.

The Theory and Practice of Salesmanship

PRESENTLY, once or twice a week, John would stay out on the job till six o'clock, and then come in elated. He had got an order. His brother turned this to account in his education in two ways.

First, older solicitors worked on a "prospect" until the deal was virtually closed. Then this was slipped into John's list next day without his knowing why, and John brought in the order, and was greatly stimulated by the thought that he had done it all himself.

Second, John needed some purely theoretical practice—something in the academic line. So Dan sent him into the poorest quarter of the town, where the shops were so small that the notion of advertising in a newspaper was preposterous. Here he knew that there was no order to be got, and talked only to meet objections that were advanced. The very idea of advertising was new to these small grocers, locksmiths, second-hand-clothes dealers.

"Atfertusink! In der Choynal!" said Solomon Levinski, three years from Russia. "Oy! Oy! Oy!"

Then John had to explain the whole idea from the bottom up, in the most elemental terms, to people who had never heard about it before. He had to answer the objections of the entire Levinski family, and be careful they didn't sell him a brass watch while he was doing it.

The Levinskis were absolutely incapable of being cast down by anything that anybody *said*. If you went in and pulled Solomon's beard, called him a thief and a liar, and cursed his tribe, it would have had several sorts of effect on Solomon. But none of these were the effect that the Widow O'Brien had on John. Solomon would first refuse to believe his ears. Then he would assume that you were joking. But if he could realize that you both said and meant it, then he would assume that you were mistaken, that you had jumped to a false conclusion, that you had been wickedly misled by his competitor around the corner. And if those assumptions were broken down he would wonder how you could have the heart to do it!

This was all new to John. It showed him how very many sides of the same nature can be turned outward. It led him to observe the same things in sarcastic little crab-apples of Irish grocers and jolly, fat, German delicatessen men. After some weeks of this "theory" work he was able to approach all sorts of people, and meet issues as they rose, and never let setbacks touch him personally. By that time, too, he had begun to single out important prospects and read up on technical subjects or study their temperaments, connections, fads or sports to get a direct point of contact with them. Which was an indication that John's education, if not finished, was at least beyond the despondency stage.

Despondency seems to be a fairly constant factor in salesmanship of every sort. Half the energy and good sense of an experienced salesman goes, at times, to overcome it from within. Rather more than half the energy and knowledge of a manager with a force of salesmen under him is constantly being exerted to overcome it from without. There are occasional periods when even the most sanguine, seasoned men on a sales force need the consolation of a father to free their minds of blue devils. The whole country has just passed through such a season, following the business depression that began last October.

The basis of good salesmanship is nervous energy. Your phlegmatic man seldom makes a good salesman. Managers sometimes find him useful as a "plugger"—to visit again and again some refractory, discouraging prospect and smooth the way for a more energetic, sensitive and resourceful man to close the deal. But a phlegmatic man shines no more in salesmanship than he would in polite society. He isn't adaptable or sympathetic. He doesn't readily catch the points of view of diverse people.

A Year Later He Rose to be Assistant Bookkeeper at Seven-fifty

Nervous energy being the basis of selling, it is quite inevitable that the good salesman will have periods of depression to offset the very vim and tension that make him effective. Even with long experience he is bound to be more or less mercurial. It is his nature. It is human nature. For a month on end he may register ninety in the shade, with not a cloud in the sky. But there is certain to come a day when the sky is overcast and north winds blow. Down goes the mercury, kerplunk! to ten below freezing. If it is the beginning of a real winter of adversity like that of 1907-8, then even the salesman's boss may eventually have doubts as to the possibility of there ever being any sunny weather again.

How to treat the salesman when he has a chill!—that is one of the chief problems connected with selling and the management of men who sell. A whole pharmacopœia of remedies is found among salesmen and sales-managers. Some are grandmother's simples and others modern alkaloids. Some are gentle, others heroic. Some are for external application and others internal. Some can be applied by the patient himself, while others need rubbing in. The best remedy of all amounts to a transfusion of blood and a transplanting of skin, and the blood and epidermis are usually furnished by the salesman's boss.

When the commercial depression came down on the country last October it made little impression on salesmen for a time. In some lines the latter had been going about for months, not selling goods so much as apologizing for inability to fill orders promptly. Everybody had forgotten what hard times really mean. Every man felt that a little relaxation would be beneficial in his industry, giving the house a chance to catch up with demand—depression might be bad for others, but it couldn't hurt him.

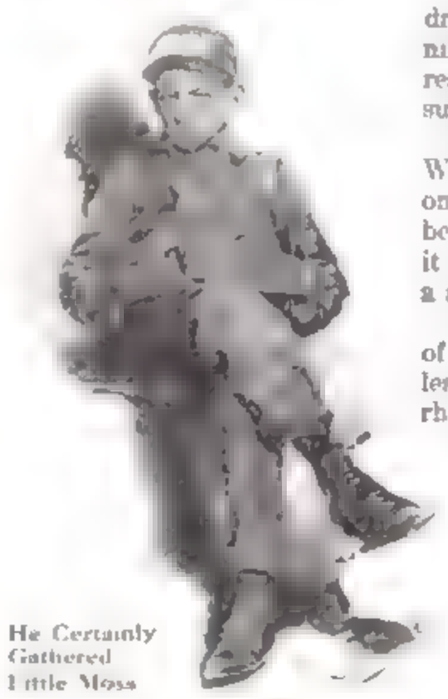
Sight Drafts on the Boss for Energy and Optimism

FIVE salesmen traveling for a New York Bible publisher were especially sanguine. For there has long been a tradition in this business that hard times increase sales of the Bible—people read the Scriptures then for consolation. That tradition has been disproved, however. These Bible salesmen visited town after town and got not a single order from the chilled retail trade. Then they began drawing sight drafts on their boss for energy and optimism, writing in to tell how gloomy they were, asking what was to be done, begging to be sent into new territory or allowed to come home and die. So for months this publisher has been writing letters almost daily to keep his men in heart, assuring them that trade was slowly improving, that in the long

run nothing can seriously harm a house with sound goods, and so forth. But it is his energy that has kept his men at work

One important point about the salesman's gloom is this: he has usually outgrown that morbidness and pessimism common to youth between eighteen and twenty-five, which is ascribed by Metschnikoff to careless diet as much as anything else. The salesman is a grown man, and has learned how to humor his digestion. Nowadays, too, he is not given to dissipation. When he goes stale it is usually a consequence of overwork, concentration, mental and physical exhaustion.

Felix Weingartner, the conductor and composer, says there are times in musical composition—with him, at least—when his conception of a work ceases to be beautiful and inspiring. Instead it suddenly cringes together and becomes a Thing, and spits and hisses, and has bristles and claws. A sign that the Herr Professor needs rest



He Certainly Gathered Little Moss

This phenomenon is known in saleswork, too It is so familiar to a certain veteran manager of book-canvassers that whenever one of his men comes in at night disheartened he is sent straight to bed. He has been sitting up too late, smoking too much, playing too many games of billiards. He needs sleep first, and if that doesn't cure him (it usually does) the manager will talk to him like his own uncle.

This veteran once had two widely different men in a traveling crew selling encyclopaedias. One was the genius of the crew. He could go up to the State Capitol and sell an encyclopaedia to the Governor on a wager. Hard prospects were a delight to him, and his selling ability such that he seldom worked more than four or five hours daily. When his breakfast sat wrong he didn't work at all. Yet his income was so good that he had to play poker half the night to get rid of his money. About once every ten days this genius had a fit of the blues.

The other man was the least brilliant member of the crew—a deeply religious fellow, nearly forty, with thick spectacles and not a very strong mind. It was a stock joke that when Noddy took his intellect into a building the fire risk decreased. His style of selling was that of the exborter. It would have merely amused a Governor. But when Noddy found a prospect who could be called "Brother" he sold him a set of books. Fully aware that he was not a genius he worked twelve hours a day in his earnest, plodding fashion to make up for it. He never drank, smoked, played poker or went to theatres, and so nine o'clock found him in bed. In the end he made a very respectable showing beside the genius of the crew, and suffered from a fit of dumps hardly once in three months.

Sales are to the salesmen what applause is to the actor. When they are difficult and far apart it is bound to react on the seller. He is going to feel like a "Hamlet" who has been pelted with vegetables. Only those who have seen it know how a big, strong man can suffer at such times—or a small, nervous, energetic one.

Some of the sterling remedies for blue devils are those of the salesmen who cure themselves. These men have learned that nervous energy runs in periods—it has a rhythm. Instead of blindly battering themselves against difficult situations on adverse days they go off and take a rest. An old hardware salesman, selling to merchants through Pennsylvania, has made it a rule for thirty years to avoid any district in his territory upset by a strike, a mine disaster, a flood or any other disturbance. There is no trade worth fighting for in such a district, he says. So he shuts up his samples and goes round. A blue cycle usually begins with a customer's complaint about goods, or the cancellation of a fine order taken last week. On the same day the salesman has an especially disagreeable prospect to visit. Before he can get away from the office all his wife's bills come in There is a nasty letter in the same mail. When he goes out and tries to sell he simply can't. Between calls he meets friends who assure him that he looks thinner. Wouldn't he better see a doctor? There are days when he has edge. But he hasn't any to-day.

"Afterdunk! In der Choynal!" Said Solomon Levinski, Three Years from Russia. "Oy! Oy! Oy!"

Some men cut their way through these hard knots. There are salesmen who can talk goods enthusiastically with the toothache, and who in adversity pull themselves together in the presence of every prospect and give him an extra firm, cordial handgrip on the assumption that he is going to be a particularly hard one. The novice, too, often tries to cut his way through obstructions by sheer strength.

But a seasoned salesman more often takes the afternoon off, goes home to play with the children goes to the theatre—if possible he does something to change his thinking and give him a fresh grip. Then he begins again with something he is really interested in, and after a day or two of effective work, with some good sales to buoy him up, floats on to the hard prospect on the crest of a wave of energy, as it were, and sells him a bill of goods. He has learned what Thoreau noted in that wonderful last chapter

(Continued on Page 29)

THE FIRING LINE

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

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CHAPTER XIII

LATE one evening toward the end of the week a somewhat battered camping party, laden with plump, fluffy bunches of quail and plumper strings of duck, wind-scorched, sunburned, brier-torn and trail-worn, reëntered the *patio* of the Cardross villa, and made straight for shower-bath, witch-hazel, fresh pajamas and bed.

In vain Jessie Carrick, Cecile and their mother camped around Shiela's bed after the tray was removed, and Shiela's flushed face, innocent as usual of sunburn, lay among the pillows, framed by the brown-gold lustre of her hair.

"We had *such* a good time, mother; Mr. Hamil shot a turkey," she said sleepily. "Mr. Hamil—Mr. H-a-m-i-l" —a series of little pink yawns, a smile, a faint sigh terminated consciousness as she relaxed into slumber as placid as her first cradle sleep. So motionless she lay, bare arms wound around the pillow, that they could scarcely detect her breathing save when the bow of pale-blue ribbon stirred on her bosom.

"The darling!" whispered Mrs. Carrick; "look at that brier mark across her wrist!—our poor, little, wornout colleen!"

"She was not too far gone to mention Garret Hamil," observed Cecile.

Mrs. Cardross looked silently at Cecile, then at the girl on the bed who had called her mother. After a moment she bent with difficulty and kissed the brier-torn wrist, wondering perhaps whether by chance a deeper wound lay hidden beneath the lace-veiled, childish breast.

"Little daughter—little daughter!" she murmured close to the small, unheeding ear. Cecile waited, a smile half tender, half amused curving her parted lips; then she glanced curiously at Mrs. Carrick. But that young matron, ignoring the *enfant terrible*, calmly tucked her arm under her mother's; Cecile, immersed in speculative thought, followed them from the room; a maid extinguished the lights.

In an hour the Villa Cardross was silent and dark, save that, in the moonlight which struck through the panes of Malcourt's room, an unquiet shadow moved from window to window, looking out into the mystery of night.

The late morning sun flung a golden net across Malcourt's bed; he lay asleep, dark hair in handsome disorder, dark eyes sealed—too young to wear that bruised, loose mask so soon with the swollen shadows under lid and lip. Yet, in his unconscious features there was now a certain simplicity almost engaging, which, awake, he seemed to lack; as though latent somewhere within him were qualities which chance might germinate into nobler growth. But chance, alone, is a poor gardener.

Hamil, passing the corridor as the valet, carrying a tray, opened Malcourt's door, glanced in at him; and Malcourt awoke at the same moment and sat bolt upright.

"Hello, Hamil!" he nodded sleepily; "come in, old fellow!" And, to the valet: "No breakfast for me, thank you—except grapefruit!—unless you've brought me a cuckootail? Yes? No? Stung! Never mind; just hand me a cigarette and take away the tray. It's a case of being a very naughty boy, Hamil. How are you, anyway, and what did you shoot?"

Hamil greeted him briefly, but did not seem inclined to enter or converse

Malcourt yawned, glanced at the grapefruit, then affably at Hamil.

"I say," he began, "hope you'll overlook my rotten behavior last time we met. I'd been dining at random, and I'm usually a brute when I do that."

"Oh, it's all right," said Hamil, looking at the row of tiny Chinese idols on the mantel.

"No rancor?"

"No. Only—why do you do it, Malcourt?"

"Why do I do which? The wheel or the lady?"

"Oh, the whole bally business? It isn't as if you were lonely and put to it. There are plenty of attractive girls about, and anybody will take you on at Bridge. Of course, it's none of my affair—but we came unpleasantly close to a quarrel—which is my only excuse."

Malcourt looked at him thoughtfully. "Hamil, do you know, I've always liked you a sight better than you've liked me!"

Hamil said, laughing outright: "I never saw very much of you to like or dislike."

Malcourt smiled, stretched his limbs lazily, and lighted a cigarette.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "you think I'm worse than I am, but I *know* you are worse than you think, because I couldn't even secretly feel friendly toward a prig. You've had a less battered career than I; you are, in consequence, less selfish, less ruthless, less cynical concerning traditions and illusions. You've something left to stick to; I haven't. You are a little less intelligent than I, and therefore possess more natural courage and credulity. Outside of these things we are more or less alike, Hamil. Hope you don't mind my essay on man."

"No," said Hamil, vastly amused.

"The trouble with me," continued Malcourt, "is that I possess a streak of scientific curiosity that you lack; which is my eternal undoing and keeps me poor and ignobly busy. I ought to have leisure; the world should see to it that I have sufficient leisure and means to pursue my studies in the interest of social economy. Take one of my favorite experiments, for example. I see a little wooden ball rattling around in a wheel. Where will that ball stop? You, being less intellectual than I, don't care where it stops. *I* do. Instantly my scientific curiosity is aroused; I reason logically; I evolve an opinion; I back that opinion, and I remain busy and poor. *I* see a pretty woman. Is she responsive to intelligently expressed sentiment? I don't know. *You* don't care. *I* do. My curiosity is piqued. She becomes to me an abstract question which scientific experiment alone can elucidate——"

Hamil, leaning on the footboard of the bed, laughed and straightened up.

"All right, Malcourt, if you think it worth while——"

"What pursuit, if you please, is worthier than logical and scientific investigation?"

"Make a lot of honest money and marry some nice girl and have horses and dogs and a bully home and kids. Look here, as Wayward says, you're not the devilish sort you pretend to be. You're too young for one thing. I never knew you to do a deliberately ungenerous act——"

"Like most rascals I'm liable to sentimental generosity? Thanks. But, somehow, I'm so blamed intelligent that I can never give myself any credit for relapsing into traditional virtues. Impulse is often my executive officer; and if I were only stupid I'd take great comfort out of it."

Hamil walked toward the door, stopping on the threshold to say: "Well, I'll tell you one thing, Malcourt: I've often disliked you at times; but I don't now. And I don't exactly know why."

"I do."

"Why?"

"Oh, because you've forgiven me. Also—you think I've a better side."

"Haven't you?"

"My son," said Malcourt, "if somebody'll prove it to me I might sleep better. Just at present I'm ready for anything truly criminal. There was a killing at the club, all right. I assumed the rôle of the defunct. Now I haven't any money; I've overdrawn my balance and my salary; Portlaw is bilious, peevish, unapproachable. If I asked you for a loan I'd only fall a victim again to my insatiable scientific curiosity. So I'll just lie here and browse on grapefruit until something happens ——"

"If you need any money ——"

"I told you that we are more or less alike," nodded Malcourt. "Your offer is partly traditional, partly impulsive, altogether ill-considered, and does your intelligence no credit!"

Hamil laughed.

"All the same, it's an offer," he said, "and it stands. I'm glad I know you better, Malcourt. I'll be sorry instead of complacently disgusted if you never pan out, but I'll bet you do, sometime."

Malcourt looked up.

"I'm ass enough to be much obliged," he said. "And now, before you go, what the devil did you shoot in the woods?"

"Miss Cardross got a gobbler—about the biggest bird I ever saw. Eudo Stent skinned it and Mr. Cardross is going to have it set up in New York."

"Didn't *you* shoot anything?"

"Oh, I assassinated a few harmless birds," said Hamil absently, and walked out into the corridor. "I've got to go over a lot of accumulated letters and things," he called back. "See you later, Malcourt."

There was a mass of mail, bills, plans and office reports for him lying on the hall table. He gathered these up and hastened down the stairway.

On the terrace below he found Mrs. Cardross, and stopped to tell her what a splendid trip they had, and how beautifully Shiela had shot.

"You did rather well yourself," drawled Mrs. Cardross with a bland smile. "Shiela says so."

"Oh, yes, but my shooting doesn't compare with Shiela's. I never knew such a girl; I never believed they existed ——"

"They are rare,"
nodded the matron.
"I am glad everybody finds my little daughter so admirable in the field."

"Beyond comparison in the field and everywhere," said Hamil, with a cordiality so laboriously frank that Mrs. Cardross raised her eyes—an instant only—then continued sorting the skeins of silk in her voluminous lap.

Shiela appeared in sight among the roses across the lawn; and, as Mr. Cardross came out on the terrace to light his after-breakfast cigar, Hamil disappeared in the direction of the garden, where Shiela now stood under the Bougainvillea, leisurely biting into a sapodilla. Mrs. Cardross nodded to her white-linen-clad husband, who looked very handsome, with the silvered hair at his temples accentuating the clear, deep tan of his face.

"You are burned, Neville. Did you and the child have a good time?"

"A good time! Well, just about the best in my life—except when I'm with you. Too bad you couldn't have been there. Shiela shoots like a demon. You ought to have seen her among the quail, and later, in the saw-grass, pulling down mallard and duskies from the sky-high overhead range! I tell you, Amy, she's the cleverest, sweetest, cleanest sportsman I ever saw afield. Gray, of course, stopped his birds very well. He has a lot of butterflies to show you, and—'longicornes,' I believe he calls those beetles with enormous feelers. Little Tiger is a treasure; Eudo and the others did well ——"

"And Mr. Hamil?" drawled his wife.

I like him. It's a verdict, dear. You were quite right; he is a nice boy—rather a lovable boy. I've discovered no cloven hoof about him. He doesn't shoot particularly well, but his field manners are perfectly faultless."

His wife, always elaborately upholstered, sat in her wide reclining chair, plump, jeweled fingers busy with a silk necktie for Hamil, her pretty blue eyes raised at intervals to scan her husband's animated features.

"Does Gray like him as much as ever, Neville?"

"Gray adores him, and I like him, and you knit neckties for him, and Jessie doses him, and Cecile quotes him ——"

"And Shiela?"

"Oh, Shiela seems to like him," said Cardross genially. His wife raised her eyes, then calmly scrutinized her knitting.

"And Mr. Hamil?"

"What about him, dear?"

"Does he seem to like Shiela?"

Her husband glanced musingly out over the lawn where, in their white flannels, Shiela and Hamil were now seated together under a brilliant Japanese lawn umbrella, examining the pile of plans, reports and blue-prints which had accumulated in Hamil's office since his absence.

"He—seems to like her," nodded Cardross; "I'm sure he does. Why not?"

"They were together a good deal, you said last night."

"Yes; but either Gray or I or one of the guides ——"

"Then you don't think ——"

Cardross waited and finally looked up.

"What, dear?"

"That there is anything more than a sensible friendship ——"

"Between Shiela and Garret Hamil?"

"Yes; we were not discussing the Emperor of China."

Cardross laughed and glanced sideways at the lawn umbrella.

"I don't—know."

His wife raised her brows but not her head.

"Why, Neville?"

"Why what?"

"Your apparent doubt as to the significance of their friendship."

"Dear—I don't know much about those things."

His wife waited.

"Hamil is so nice to everybody; and I've not noticed how he is with other young girls," continued her husband restlessly. "He does seem to tag after Shiela. . . . Once or twice I thought—or it seemed to me—or rather ——"

His wife waited.

"Well, he seemed rather impressed by her field qualities," concluded Cardross weakly.

His wife waited.

Her husband lit a cigar very carefully. "That's all I noticed, dear."

Mrs. Cardross laid the narrow bit of woven blue silk on her knee and smoothed it reflectively.

"Neville!"

"Yes, dear."

"I wonder whether Mr. Hamil has heard."

Her husband did not misunderstand. "I think it likely. That old harridan ——"

"*Please*, Neville!"

"Well, then, Mrs. Van Dieman has talked ever since you and Shiela sat on the aspirations of her impossible son."

Gray Cardross

"You think Mr. Hamil knows?"

"Why not? Everybody does, thanks to that venomous old lady and her limit of an offspring."

"And in spite of that you think Mr. Hamil might be seriously impressed?"

"Why not?" repeated Cardross. "She's the sweetest, cleanest-cut sportsman ——"

"Dear, a field-trial is not what we are discussing."

"No, of course. But those things count with a man. And besides, admitting that the story is all over Palm Beach and New York by this time, is there a more popular girl here than our little Shiela? Look at the men—troops of 'em! Alex Anan knew when he tried his luck. You had to tell Phil Gatewood, but Shiela was obliged to turn him down, after all. It certainly has not intimidated anybody. Do you remember two years ago how persistent Louis Malcourt was until you squelched him?"

Yes; but he didn't know the truth then. He acts sometimes as though he knew it now. I don't think he would ask Shiela again. And, Neville, if Mr. Hamil does not know, and if you think there is the slightest chance of Shiela becoming interested in him, he ought to be told—indirectly. Unhappiness for both might lie in his ignorance."

"Shiela would tell him before he —— "

"Of course. But—it might then be too late for her—if he prove less of a man than we think him! He comes from a family whose connections have always thought a great deal of themselves—in the narrower sense; a family not immune from prejudice. His aunt, Miss Palliser, is very amiable; but, dear, we must not make the mistake that she could consider Shiela good enough for her nephew. One need not be a snob to hesitate under the pitiful circumstances."

"If I know Hamil, he'll ask little advice from his relatives ——"

"But he will receive plenty, Neville."

Cardross shrugged. "Then it's up to him, Amy."

"Exactly. But do you wish to have our little Shiela in a position where her declared lover hesitates? And so I say, Neville, that it is better for her that Mr. Hamil should know the truth in ample time to reconsider any sentiment before he utters it. It is only fair to him and to Shiela. That is all."

"Why do you say all this now, dearest? Have you thought ——"

"Yes, a little. The child is fond of him. I did think she once cared for Louis—as a young girl cares for a boy. But we couldn't permit her to take any chances; poor boy!—his family record is sadly against him. No; we did right, Neville. And now, at the first sign, we must do right again between Shiela and this very lovable boy who is making your park for you."

"Of course," said Cardross absently; "but the man who hesitates because of what he learns about Shiela isn't worth enlightening." He looked out across the lawn. "I hope it happens," he said. "And, by the way, dear, I've got to go to town ——"

"Oh, Neville!"

"Don't worry; I'm not going to contract pneumonia."

"When are you going?"

"To-morrow, I think."

"Is it anything that bothers you?"

"No, nothing in particular. I have a letter from Acton. There seems to be some uncertainty developing in one or two business quarters. I thought I'd see for myself."

"Are you worrying?"

"About what?"

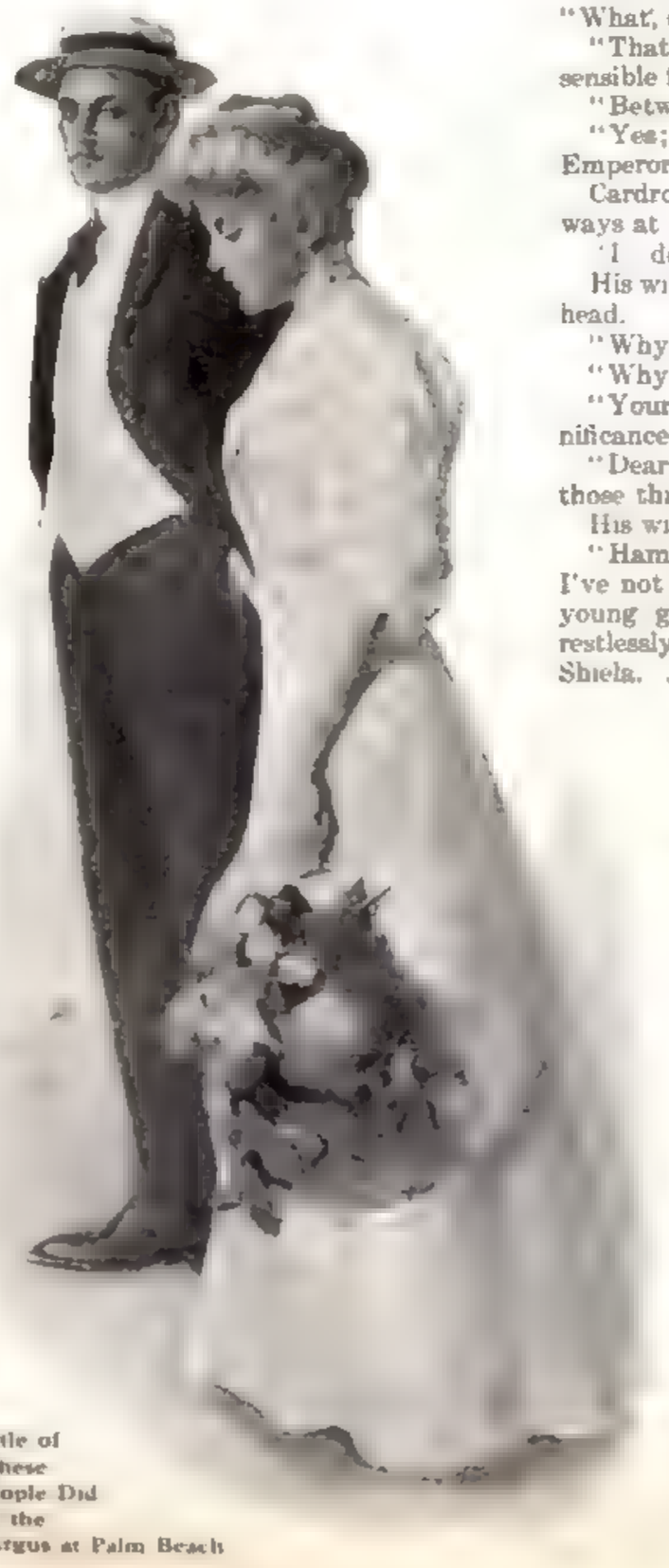
"About the Shoshone Securities Company?"

"Not exactly worrying."

She shook her head, but said nothing more.

During February the work on the Cardross estate developed sufficiently to become intensely interesting to the family. A vast circular sunken garden, bewitchingly formal, and flanked by a beautiful terrace and balustrade of coquina, was approaching completion between the house and an arm of the lagoon. The stone bridge over the water remained unfinished, but already, across it, miles of the wide forest avenue stretched straight away, set at intervals with fountain basins from which already tall, sparkling columns of water tumbled up into the sunshine.

But still the steam jets puffed up above the green tree-tops; and the sickening whine of the sawmill, and the rumble of traction engines over rough, new roads of shell, and the far racket of chisel and hammer on wood and stone, continued from daylight till dark.



Very Little of What These Two People Did Escaped the Social Argus at Palm Beach

Every day brought to Hamil new questions, new delays, vexations of lighting, problems of piping and drainage. Contractors and sub-contractors beset him; draftsmen fairly buried him under drawings and blue-prints. All of which was as nothing compared to the labor squabbles and endless petty entanglements which arose from personal jealousy or political vindictiveness, peppered with dark hints of peonage, threats, demands and whispers of graft.

The leasing of convict labor for the more distant road work also worried him, but the sheriffs of Dade and Volusia were pillars of strength and comfort to him in perplexity—lean, soft-spoken, hawk-faced gentlemen, gentle and incorruptible, who settled scuffles with a glance, and local riots with a deadly drawl of warning which carried conviction like a bullet to the "bad" nigger of the blue-gum variety, as well as to the brutish white autocrat of the turpentine camps.

That the work progressed so swiftly was wonderful, even with the unlimited means of Neville Cardross to back his demands for haste. And it might have been impossible to produce any such results in so short a period had there not been contractors in the vicinity who were accustomed to handle vast enterprises on short notice. Some of these men, fortunately for Hamil, had been temporarily released from sections of the great Key West Line construction; and these contractors with their men and materials were immediately available for the labor in hand.

So all through February work was rushed forward; and March found the sunken garden in bloom, stone-edged pools full of lotus and lilies, orange trees blossoming in a magnificent sweep around the balustrade of the terrace, and, beyond, the graceful stone bridge, passable but not quite completed. Neither were the great systems of pools, fountains, tanks and lakes completed by any means, but here and there foaming jets trembled and glittered in the sunlight, and here and there placid reaches, crystal clear, reflected the blue above.

As for Palm Beach, visitors and natives had watched with liveliest interest the development of the great Cardross park. In the height of the season visits to the scene of operations were made functions; tourists and residents gathered in swarms and took tea and luncheon under the magnificent live-oaks of the hummock.

Mrs. Cardross herself gave a number of lawn fêtes with the kindly intention of doing practical good to Hamil, the success of whose profession was so vitally dependent upon the approval and personal interest of wealth and fashion and idleness.

Shiela constantly tormented him about these functions for his benefit, suggesting that he attire himself in a sloppy velvet jacket and let his hair grow and his necktie flow. She pretended to prepare placards advertising Hamil's popular parks for poor people at cut rates, including wooden horses and a barrel-organ.

"An idea of mine," she suggested, glancing up from the writing-pad on her knees, "is to trim a dozen alligators with electric lights and turn them loose in our lake. There's current enough in the canal to keep the lights going, isn't there, Mr. Hamil? Incandescent alligators would make Luna Park look like a bogful of fireflies ——"

"Oh, Shiela, let him alone," protested Mrs. Carrick. "For all you know, Mr. Hamil may be dreadfully sensitive."

"I'll let him alone if he'll let his beard grow horrid and silky and permit us to address him as *cher maître* ——"

"I won't insist on that if you'll call me by my first name," said Hamil mischievously.

"I never will," returned the girl. Always when he suggested it, the faint pink of annoyed embarrassment tinted Shiela's cheeks. And now everybody in the family rallied her on the subject, for they all had come to call him Garry by this time.

"Don't I always say 'Shiela' to you?" he insisted.

"Yes, you do, and nobody was consulted. I informed my mother, but she doesn't seem to resent it. So I am obliged to. Besides, I don't like your first name."

Mrs. Cardross laughed gently over her embroidery; Malcourt, who was reading the stock column in the News, turned and looked curiously at Hamil, then at Shiela. Then catching Mrs. Carrick's eye:

"Portlaw is rather worried over the market," he said. "I think he's going North in a day or two."

"Why, Louis!" exclaimed Mrs. Cardross; "then you will be going, too, I suppose."

"His ways are my ways," nodded Malcourt. "I've been here too long, anyway," he added in a lower voice, folding the paper absently across his knees. He glanced once more at Shiela, but she had returned to her letter-writing.

Everybody spoke of his going in tones of civil regret—everybody except Shiela, who had not even looked at him. Cecile's observations were plainly perfunctory, but she made them nevertheless, for she had begun to take the same feminine interest in Malcourt that everybody was now taking in view of his very pronounced attentions to Virginia Suydam.

All the world may not love a lover, but all the world watches him. And a great many pairs of bright eyes and many more pairs of faded ones were curiously following the manœuvres of Louis Malcourt and Virginia Suydam.

Examining the Pile of Plans, Reports and Blue-Prints

Very little of what these two people did escaped the social Argus at Palm Beach—their promenades on the verandas of the two great hotels, their appearance on the links and tennis-courts together, their daily encounter at the bathing-hour, their inevitable meeting and pairing on lawn, in ballroom, afloat, ashore, wherever young people gathered under the whip of light social obligations or in pursuit of pleasure.

And they were discussed. She being older than he, and very wealthy, the veranda discussions were not always amiable; but nobody said anything very bitter, because Virginia was in a position to be socially respected and the majority of people rather liked Malcourt.

Besides, there was just enough whispering concerning his performances at the club and the company he kept there to pique the friendly curiosity of a number of fashionable young matrons who are always prepossessed in favor of a man at whom convention might possibly one day glance askance.

So everybody at Palm Beach was at least aware of the affair. Hamil had heard of it from his pretty aunt, and had been thoroughly questioned. It was very evident that Miss Palliser viewed the proceedings with dismay, for she also consulted Wayward, and finally, during the confidential retiring-hour, chose the right moment to extract something definite from Virginia.

But that pale and pretty spinster was too fluently responsive, admitting that perhaps she had been seeing a little too much of Malcourt, protesting it to be accidental, agreeing with Constance Palliser that more discretion should be exercised, and promising it with a short, flushed laugh.

And the next morning she rode to the inlet with Malcourt, swam with him to the raft, walked with him on the beach, and danced with him until dawn at "The Breakers."

Mrs. Cardross and Jessie Carrick bent over their embroidery; Shiela continued her letter-writing with Gray's stylographic pen; Hamil, booted and spurred, both pockets stuffed with plans, paced the terrace waiting for his horse to be brought around; Malcourt had carried himself and his newspaper to the farther end of the terrace and now stood leaning over the balustrade, an unlighted cigarette between his lips

"I suppose you'll go to Luckless Lake," observed Hamil, pausing beside Malcourt in his walk.

"Yes. There's plenty to do. We stripped ten thousand trout in October, and we're putting in German boar this spring."

"I should think your occupation would be fascinating."

"Yes? It's lonely, too, until Portlaw's camp parties begin. I get an overdose of Nature at times. There's nobody of my own kind there except our Yale and Cornell foresters. In winter it's deadly. Hamil, deadly! I don't shoot, you know; it's deathly enough as it is."

"I don't believe I'd find it so."

"You think not, but you would. That white solitude may be good medicine for some, but it makes me furious after a while, and I often wish that the woods and the deer and the fish and I myself and the whole devilish outfit were under the North Pole and frozen solid! But I can't afford to pick and choose. If I looked about for something else to do I don't believe anybody would want me. Portlaw pays me more than I'm worth as a Harvard post-graduate. And if that is an asset it's my only one."

Hamil, surprised at his bitterness, looked at him with troubled eyes. Then his eyes wandered to Shiela, who had now taken up her embroidery.

"I can't help it," said Malcourt impatiently; "I like cities and people. I always liked people. I never had enough of people. I never had any society as a boy; and, Hamil, you can't imagine how I longed for it. It would have been well for me to have had it. There was never any in my own home; there was never anything in my home life but painful memories of domestic trouble and financial stress. I was for a while asked to the homes of schoolmates, but could offer no hospitality in return. Sensitiveness and humiliation have strained the better qualities out of me. I've been bruised dry."

He leaned on his elbows, hands clasped, looking out into the sunlight, where myriads of brilliant butterflies were fluttering over the carpet of white phlox.

"Hamil," he said, "whatever is harsh, aggressive, cynical, mean, sneering, selfish in me has been externally acquired. You scrape even a spineless mollusk too long with a pin, and the irritation produces a defensive crust. I began, boylike, by being so credulous and impulsive and affectionate and tender-hearted that even my kid sister laughed at me; and she was only three years older than I. Then followed that period of social loneliness, the longing for the companionship of boys and girls—girls particularly, in spite of agonies of shyness and the awakening terrors of shame when the domestic troubles ended in an earthquake which gave me to my father and Helen to my

(Continued on Page 21)

FAILURES AT FORTY

How Some Men Start Afresh and Succeed

By William Lee Howard, M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY

I FEEL that I am a failure, Doctor. Why is it? At my age—I am about forty—a man should be making good. Somehow I feel that I am down and out. Is it too late for me to get some feeling of ambition to get out of this horrible rut; this feeling that life is a failure?"

"Certainly not. You graduated from Sheffield Scientific School, did you not?"

"Yes; and, strange as it may seem, I believe that is the cause of much of my inability to make good—the reason of my constant dissatisfaction. My general health is miserable, or I should say that my whole existence is miserable.

"I came from a small city near New Haven. I graduated from the high school. The whole atmosphere of my town was pregnant with the college education idea; social prominence was much enhanced by a Yale diploma. I believe that I was sent to Sheffield simply because I could get a degree in three years. As I look upon the matter now, it was not what I was fitted for, what I could do best in the world, that caused my elder sisters to send me to college—my parents were dead—but to assist them in their social ambition.

"Of course I took but little interest in my studies; just went along the easiest road to a diploma and enjoyed immensely the social side of college life.

"After graduating I returned to my home city—a mistake, by the way—and found that the only positions open to me were those of small clerkships in insurance or bank offices. I had not fitted myself for any particular scientific career—did not care for that kind of work.

"We were poor; I had to do something. I tried to do several things, and after a few years of disappointments I went to work in a wholesale dry-goods house where I have been fifteen years. I now get a salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year, and don't see any chance of getting much more. If I had started as a boy I believe that I would have been contented with the business and risen to some place with responsibilities to a partnership.

"You see that I had expected great things because I had a diploma, and the rude awakening brought me to flat discouragement which has been ever with me. I am tired of being pointed out by a certain class of fathers as an example of the failure in business of the college man. Of course, I know that the fault is not in a college education, but in myself. I was not fitted for what I could do, but was unfitted to do that which I had to do."

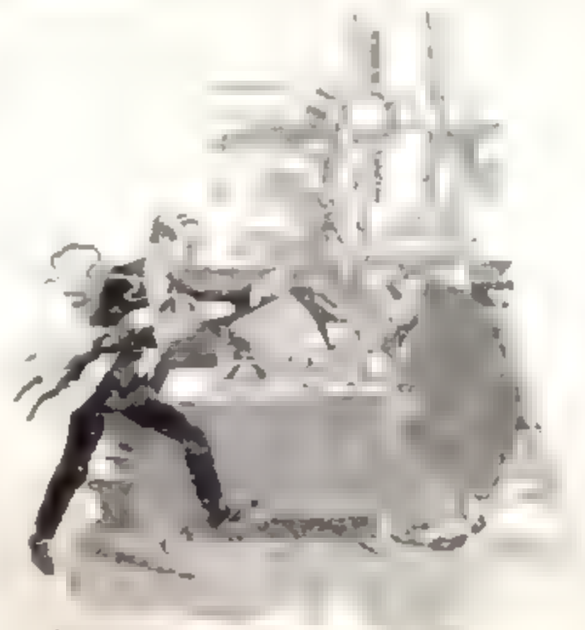
Did You Not Have a Blood Relation Who was a Sailor and Traveler?

The Way to Grow Young Again

"BUT it is my present mental condition; my complete discouragement, a recklessness of the future, that troubles me. Can you do anything for me? That's what I want to know. It's no use worrying over the early mistake—I have worries enough."

"The first thing for a man in your condition to do is to get young again; I mean that your bodily tissues need rejuvenating. It can be done. Your nervous symptoms and mental worry will disappear with this renewed youth. There has been a lack of familiarity with the laws of health, growth, hygiene and exercise among men of your class—due to no fault of theirs.

"At your age you can readily store up energy; and mental health and capacity to work depend upon energy. This factor which makes for success depends upon the healthy conditions of the minute cells in the alimentary tract; they are made so only by supplying them with pure blood. This is done by exercise."



He is Astonished When You Tell Him that the Material He Gulps Down is Not Food

"But I go to the gymnasium and——"

"Yes; but wait a moment. Twice a day the whole thirty-five or forty feet of sewerage in man needs flushing by a flow of pure blood. Have you ever noticed in the March winds how the big limbs of trees are swayed, how the tiny branches are twisted and the bud endings are shaken and bent? This is Nature's massage. By this wind massage the sap is sent to the outermost branches; the life blood of the tree is forced to circulate to the minutest cell of the developing leaf and a new growth is on its way to rich development.

"Now this is exactly what your internal organs need: a massage, a squeezing, that will send the blood to every portion of them—to the minute cells."

Bending the Trunk to Build Up the Body

"THERE are violent forms of exercise which will do just this thing—wrestling, for instance. Wrestlers are the strongest and healthiest of all men—they are young at forty-five. But this exercise calls for a strain on the nervous system; for great muscular effort, for constant training. This is harmful for a man of forty years of age who has other work to do. But the object can be accomplished by simple trunk twisting and bending morning and night. Along with this massage must go the drinking of a mild saline water before breakfast, and during the day, between meals, copious drafts of pure water. After you have followed this method for several weeks the springtime of your body will be in evidence. Drop, as you would poison, all 'tonics,' 'tissue building' drugs and strong liquors.

"A healthy body is the best remedy for worry—don't forget this fact. A man who is physiologically healthy is morally healthy, so closely correlated are mind and body, thoughts and acts.

"That is the physiology; now for the psychology, for remember that all scientific psychology is founded upon physiologic facts.

"When you feel well again in the body what I now propose will be easy of accomplishment. Get away from your surroundings. You have not yet found your place in the world. This may seem strange to state to a man of forty, but remember that, for fifteen years, you have never thought of anything but discontent; you have not been in a physical condition to think of getting out and searching for what you are fitted to do."

"Oh, but I have."

"Yes; been thinking, but not doing.

"While you are getting the spring sap into your winter-worn tissues put aside money. When youth comes again get out into the world—get away from your boyhood home; look well into yourself and around others. You will find your place."

In three years this man was a successful tobacco grower. He brought to the work business experience, but the main element of his success was enthusiasm, content and ambition. He no longer has lines of worry, sallow complexion nor a feeling of self-debasement. He has found himself.

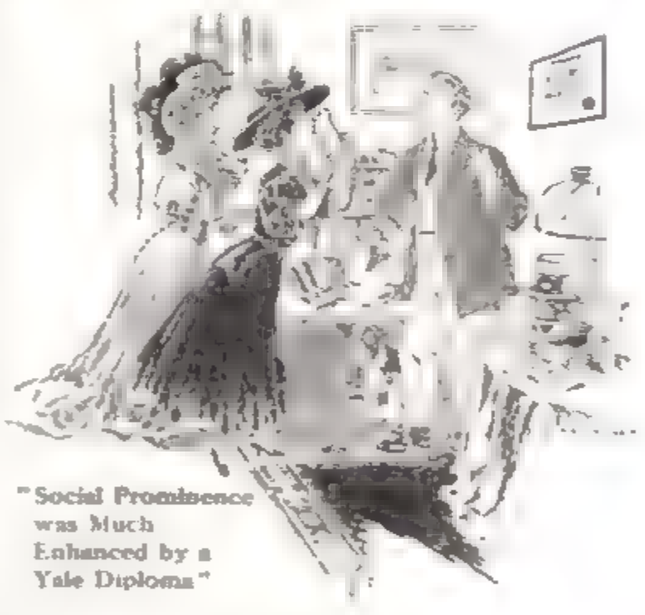
The man who made the following statements to me arrived with a loaded revolver in his pocket. He told me after he regained his true self that he had intended to kill himself had I told him there was no help for his distress.

"I am forty years of age. I went to school, where I was taught by women. In my class there were three girls to one boy. I now know that all this feminine influence was harmful to me, for I was a boy who needed to be with men. I feel that there is something lacking in my make-up.

"I entered business as a clerk; first in a railroad office—the freight department. I did not like the work; the other men were rough and I always felt ill at ease. At the end of four years I left and secured a position with a wholesale grocer. Here I could not get along. I tried my best, but my employer was always finding fault with my work. I don't think I could have suited him—I fairly hated the work; the petty details were irritating to me. I was so glad to get away at the close of the day that I used to keep my eyes upon the clock most of the afternoon. I know, Doctor, that this was no way to get along, but the desk work was so disagreeable that I could not do otherwise. I was discharged.

"For a while I supported myself by canvassing—books, flowers, anything, and once took to selling tickets for charitable affairs. Oh, that's the greatest graft ever! I then secured a chance to collect material for a writer engaged upon an encyclopædia, and for the first time in my life thought that I was on the road to success. I never looked at the clock then, but worked cheerfully and was happy for once in my life; and I was *physically* well. But this job did not last long. That I was satisfactory to my employer was evidenced by the introduction he gave me to the publisher. The latter offered me a position, but I could not fill it for lack of training and education. It was a splendid chance—good pay and opportunities to rise. But the man to fill it would have to have an all-round education in the classics and modern literature.

"Oh, how I cursed the fate which kept me from going to college. I had begged father to allow me to go, but he did not believe in 'college educatin'.' I must learn to make money. Well, you know the kind of arguments he used. Father was a good man, but he belonged to the old school; the one which always quotes Abraham Lincoln's career of chopping rails as a means of becoming President. My father fought in the Civil War.



"Social Prominence was Much Enhanced by a Yale Diploma"

"I am now a bookkeeper down in the lumber regions. Just plodding along, unhappy, no interest in the work, and scarcely earning enough to get the good wife plain clothes and food. I am miserable in health, both mind and body. I have been steadily losing weight; have no appetite; can't sleep. I wake up about three o'clock in the morning and stay in Hell until daylight. Worry, worry about little things that loom up as volcanoes. I can't stand it much longer. Can you help me?"

The Results of Navigating Without a Compass

"AT NIGHT I am so tired that when I get home I simply throw myself down on the sofa hating and dreading the morrow. I have no interest in my home—it is only a place to worry and eat. I have no ambition in anything, and what worries me most is that I believe my mind is failing—I no longer have a memory that I can depend upon. I have pains in the back of my neck, a tight feeling around the forehead, my feet and hands are always cold, and every day my work—which should be easy for a well man—becomes harder and more distasteful. If it were not for my wife and child I should have found another way out of this Hell than consulting you. What is the matter with me? Shall I lose my mind? Did you ever have a case like mine?"

"Heaven bless you, man—scores."

This man has been trying to navigate the ocean of life without a compass for his intellect; without a log for his physical decline. He has been unable to realize the disparity between desires and prospects; between powers and possibilities. He has always been surrounded by wounding blame instead of healing words. He has become poisoned by the venom of past failures, which make a man smile at talent and success. Ambition has oozed from him, leaving an empty soul and useless brain; a brain yet capable of reabsorbing will, determination and a proper

sense of his fitness to do *something*—something for himself and something for the world.

He needs first to understand himself—to understand the cause of his rebellious spirit. He is envious of the success of others.

Envy is a symptom of ill-health of an unbalanced psychic organization. This man's new foundation must be built upon a stable physiologic condition—his whole body needs overhauling. This done, he will cease to confound success with rank and pull, and realize that talent is the outcome of cheerful work and determination.

Philosophers say that the difference between success and failure is will power. But these philosophers forget that will power depends upon a perfect adjustment of the physical powers—that is, unless one is in perfect physical health the will power is lessened or abolished. I refer to that ill health due to lack of proper circulation of the blood, to the conditions which keep the blood constantly carrying to the brain poisonous materials which in the absolutely healthy individual are cast off every minute of his life. The man of ill health will worry, become despondent, useless in his affairs, and finally succumb if his physiologic faults are not corrected.

In these unfortunate cases we are considering it is useless to talk of using will power until we give them that health which enables them to obtain will power to use. In neglecting this most important fact many a man has become despondent through inability to exert energy; then follows a poisoned condition through the use of drugs, and finally he takes that last treatment he is certain will give him rest—self-destruction.

What can we do for this despondent man? First let him be well impressed with the fact that he can be made to feel contented. Hope stimulates the circulation of the blood. This blood must be kept clear of its poisonous material by purging, sweats and proper food. He must eat meat sparingly—once a day when his day's work is over. He should drink plenty of milk. But here is a very important bit of advice: never let milk and meats be at the same time in the stomach. The milk should be taken in small quantities every two hours throughout the day, stopping two hours before the evening meal. To avoid the danger of creating a disgust for milk it may be alternated with cocoa, buttermilk and chocolate. Eggs, toast—but no bread—all the fresh and green vegetables he can eat with his meals, and avoid tea with milk in it. The latter concoction will tan a skunk's skin.

Girls Who Own Manicure Sets are No Companions for Lads Who Want to Dig Worms

A cold shower or sponge bath is absolutely necessary to awaken nervous energy. It has also a beneficial psychic effect in arousing pluck and determination—which the man must gradually obtain. Exercise should be moderate, nothing that calls for an extra output of nervous energy. Walking briskly enough to get into a slight perspiration so that a cold shower is agreeable is the best exercise for these men—no matter what form of violent exercise they were accustomed to when youths.

Massage the internal organs as I have suggested by trunk twistings and bendings. Throw away all medicines and "tonics." I cannot repeat this advice too often.

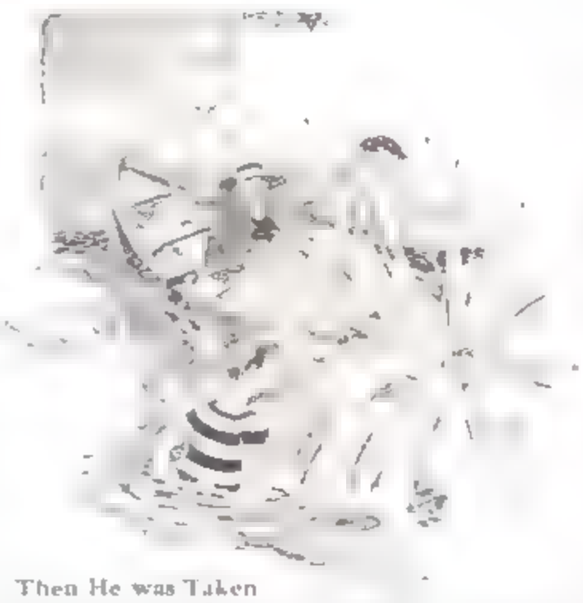
What a man wants in his body is food that will assimilate; fresh oxygen that will burn up the ashes left in the tissues, and clear life blood that will reach the tiniest arteries of the brain, so that it can be used to nourish and develop the millions of cells upon which depend our intellectual activity.

So much for the body. But the mind—that awful feeling of despair? That will regulate itself when the brain is getting its proper nourishment, for then you are in a position to realize why you are something of a misfit in your work—and you will determine to get out of this work.

Sulking in the Job that Doesn't Suit

YOU will now know that the reason you thought yourself a failure in your work was partly early false training; in this particular case of yours, from the want of sufficient education along the line your mind desired. You will now see that when discontent entered your soul you gave way to morbid feelings which further weakened the will. Arrived at this point you found it impossible to go straight and steadfastly forward and onward in the path laid for modest ambition. You did not, could not, do your best in such work as you procured.

It is true that a man can do his best only when placed where his talents may be brought out, but the whole trouble with these men who consider themselves failures is that, unless they find the exact position that pleases them, they sulk. This reacts upon the will power, and the individual becomes a groaning machine, a complaining factor whose self-depreciation is a nuisance to others, so that he is shifted from place to place, ever lower, until complete disintegration accompanies every act.



Then He was Taken Out in a Small Boat and Chucked Overboard

It is at this point that the physician—one with a good working knowledge of modern psychology—should step in and explain by encouraging speech and information that the man *can* gain full possession of the temporarily abolished will.

Keeping up the treatment—rigidly adhering to the details I have outlined above, there must go along with it suggestion—hypnotic suggestion preferably. But auto, or self-suggestion, can do much; many times it will do all the work of hypnotic suggestion. Lie down whenever possible and relax all the muscles and limbs of the body. Then get a good working knowledge of the condition you are in and determine to get out of it. Think only of the fact that you *can* get out of the mental rut—that you are a weakling if you don't; but keep ever uppermost that it is a physical state that causes your misery, and as you are to correct this by physical methods so must you help the mind by mental exercise. Keep at it—swear at yourself if you feel so inclined—but hourly, daily, remember that the whole matter is up to you to follow instructions. Never mind the nagging work you have to do; we will regulate that when you are yourself—or rather you will.

The Responsibilities of the Fathers

SIX months after I saw this despondent man he felt like pushing into the world and doing something. He realized that he was not educationally fitted for the position he desired; but the man was himself and cheerfully met the conditions. He secured a position with the publisher, a position which brought him happiness and an interest in the work, although at a much smaller salary than the one first offered him. He found the place he was fitted for, but had he been properly educated he would have filled a much more responsible and remunerative place.

Up to forty years of life there is a continuous growth of the faculties. At this age there comes a full realization of success or failure. The daily hope of to-morrow now remains at a standstill and gradually the man loses even that. In the normal man the period between forty and sixty should be the gleaning time. He should during this period gather the results of experience and labor. It is the haymaking time of a man's life, and whether he gathers clover or weeds depends upon what he has sown and tilled. But even those men who have been misplaced in life have gathered experience, and it will profit them when starting anew in the place they can happily fill. Therefore such men should not be discouraged.

Many, many fathers in the last twenty-five years have been too busy chasing dollars to give careful thought to their sons; to consider their training and development. These sons' inheritance, their inclinations, their mental fitness for certain lines of work, have all been sadly neglected. The education of these neglected boys has been handed over to women; they have all been mixed in one educational hopper without regard to their fitness for trades or professions. Boys who should have been trained for carpenters were taught Greek or Latin; those who should have had early teaching in Nature's forces—virile instruction—were compelled to recite poetry alongside of girls who were thinking of a new hat or the coming school dance. Girls who own manicure sets are no companions for lads who want to dig worms. The laws of hygiene must be early taught if the boy is to grow up a healthy and moral man. It cannot be taught among a class of adolescent girls. Such has been the wrong method of bringing up many boys, so that when they are turned out into the world to make a living they are cruelly blamed because round pegs will not fit into square holes.

The most important fact to impress upon youths, aside from the laws of Nature, are neglected by the female teachers. This fact is that a man's success in life, his vocation, depends upon the mental and *physical* calibre of the individual: that all men are not equal in mental activity and determination. Some of us must be hewers of wood and drawers of water.

"Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation."

I know of a case where what a business man would call a misfortune turned a failure into success. This man had been highly educated in foreign universities. He was the only son of a wealthy man. Returning to America at twenty-seven years of age his father insisted that he turn to and make money. All his education, his desires and ambitions were to be sunk in the—to him—sordid life of mere dollar-gathering. Thinking that his father knew best, or rather with an idea that it was his duty to follow his wishes, he went West and became a partner in a large wholesale house. The nature of the business brought him in daily contact with office-holders, ward bosses and saloonkeepers. He gradually became disgusted, then reckless. He drank to forget his mental unrest became a drunkard; but his business prospered and he made money.

But his indifference to the money-gathering, his neglect of trade journals, his avoidance of the society of the firm's customers, brought upon him the scorn and ridicule of his partners. He was soon pronounced a rank failure; a fool by business men, and a man who never would amount to anything but a drunkard. His father heard of these facts with great sorrow and pleaded with his son to take hold with interest and energy. He couldn't—he frankly told his father so. This father was about to disinherit him and cast him loose when a fire destroyed the factory and all its plant. The interest the young man had in the business was all gone and he went out into the world with the tag "Failure" attached to him. It clung to him wherever he went until he broke away from all former connections and associates and entered an intellectual community. Here he found himself. He became strictly temperate, an earnest and happy worker, and is now known as one of the leading literary men in America.

"My, my, Doctor," he said to me, "if only some of these poor misplaced fellows could have a fire!"

A healthy ambition is only fostered by a real ability to accomplish the work desired. Work always accompanies real ambition; laziness, misconstrued desires. Ill health is the result of wrong environment, of envy, of mental dissatisfaction. Health is the outcome of determination and an ambition in accordance with the mental calibre. The individual having these latter traits is satisfied to go slowly, step by step, regardless of the sudden rise to prosperity of those whom he knows to possess a better education and more innate ability.

Choosing the Wrong Career

THE boy who says, "I guess I'll *have* to go to college; mother and sister want me to go," is going to be one of the men who are failures in the work picked out for them. He had no ambition to go to college, neither did he understand the necessity of fitting himself for the life-work Nature intended for him.

His mother and sister stinted themselves to furnish him with the means to live the life of a college youth. It was social ambition that forced a potential horse-breeder to try to be a literary genius. Of course, in later life he meets with disappointment, recriminations from mother and relatives, and is held up as an example of a wasted life; of a failure through lack of application and ambition. Such a man finally loses all will power and sinks to a condition of apathy and hypochondria. He has allowed the statements and suggestions of others to convince him that he is a failure. He *is* a failure up to this point in life. But it is not entirely his fault. In the work Nature had intended for him he would have been a success.

"Of Course I Took but Little Interest in My Studies"

(Continued on Page 25)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 20, 1908

President Cleveland

THAT Mr. Cleveland holds a peculiar place in the estimation of the American people was again demonstrated during the month of May, by the very general interest which was evinced in the daily reports upon his condition that came from the room to which illness confined him. Nor is this interest to be explained even in large part by the fact that he is our only surviving ex-President. Subject, as he was, during the period of his occupation of office to a full measure of that outspoken and often harsh criticism which the American people seem to regard as the inalienable right of a democracy, his attitude toward his office, and more especially toward the broad and important questions underlying our national life, earned respect for him even from his political opponents. Since his retirement from public life this respect has deepened and broadened. We have come to understand him better, perhaps; and his interest in, and more or less active part in, the adjustment of some of those difficult business problems which affect the individual welfare of large numbers of our people have mingled with respect a certain sense of personal affection.

The strong probability, then, that he is to be given further years in which to continue to serve his country ably and courageously is cause for sincere congratulation. Mr. Cleveland stands for the type of right-thinking citizen with capacity and proper appreciation of his duty to his fellow-men of whom we have distinct need.

The Currency Bill

THE compromise currency bill does recognize merchants' paper as a proper basis for circulating notes. Its clearing-house association feature invites greater coöperation, closer interdependence among the banks.

Both features have value. Otherwise the bill has nothing in particular to recommend it, except the incidental fact that it affords an interesting illustration of how representative government sometimes operates.

In its original form the bill corresponded to no popular need or wish. Its appearance, on the contrary, provoked popular protest. It was wanted only by certain influential interests. It passed the Senate in much the original form.

The House, not so secure against the suasion of vulgar clamor, amended the bill so that its advantages might extend to mere country bankers and their clients. Had the constitutional balance been strictly preserved the Senate would have rejected the House amendments and insisted upon its own measure in pristine purity.

The balance is askew nowadays, however; and the radical innovation that the House, in certain exigencies, may be permitted to have something to say about the final form of a bill, was tolerated by the Senate.

The net result—not really satisfactory to anybody—represented a compromise between a few hundred persons on the one side and a few millions on the other.

Due Process of Law

"OUR profession," says the American Bar Association, in presenting a new code of ethics, "is necessarily the keystone in the arch of republican government. . . . The members of our profession . . . are the high priests of justice."

Pleading to the above indictment of republican government, we say Not Guilty, and demand instant acquittal on the ground that the indictment is fatally defective.

The code prescribes that a lawyer may properly undertake defense of a person whom he knows to be guilty and is then bound to present such defense as the law permits, "to the end that no person may be deprived of life or liberty but by due process of law." What that means is sufficiently illustrated by a rather famous California case, in which a conviction of murder was reversed because the indictment neglected to charge that Lee Wing, the person killed, was a human being.

It is the lawyer's duty to free the murderer if he can discover any technical flaw in the proceedings. That, obviously, is not justice, but merely law. We need not point out to the Bar Association that any presentment which contains the word justice where the word law should have been used is absolutely vain and void. Its charge, therefore, falls wholly to the ground.

It is, by the way, a somewhat annoying circumstance that lawyers persist in committing these technical errors which, being discovered by other lawyers, upset the proceedings, and leave Justice, so to speak, holding the bag.

A New Test of Virtue

MANY a hardy man, of late, has cowered before the damning proof that he had contributed money to a national campaign fund. A rumor that the contributors in 1896 were about to be disclosed spread such pallor along Fifth Avenue, it is related, that several belated pedestrians mistook the phenomenon for moonlight. But this is to be changed.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan have joined in asserting that campaign contributions should be made public. The desires of these gentlemen in such a matter are likely to have great weight with their respective parties. We expect therefore that the lists will be published.

Obviously, if the lists are to be published, they will be of a sort which can stand that test. Hereafter, it will be sufficient to say of an ancestor, "He was permitted to contribute to the campaign fund of 1907." A certified copy, showing that plaintiff or defendant was a campaign contributor, will be accepted in court as conclusive proof of character. Any citizen above the age where innocence is presumed as a matter of course—say, six years—must needs search his heart and conscience diligently before he ventures to offer his little check.

At campaign gatherings, we suppose, when the chairman announces that So-and-So has been accepted as a contributor, the ensuing demonstrations will be much like those which, at a revival meeting, greet the appearance of a new figure on the mourner's bench.

The Alien in Our Midst

THOSE who fear that we are destined soon to become a nation of foreigners must be comforted by this year's immigration statistics. The arrival of immigrants so far in 1908 has been about one-quarter what it was in the like periods of 1907 and 1906, and the departures about four times as great. The account shows a net loss of population this year, against heavy gains in preceding years.

Since 1820, over twenty-five million foreigners have come to this country; but the proportion of foreign-born to native-born inhabitants does not tend to rise. In 1890, 14.8 per cent. were foreign-born; in 1900, 13.7 per cent. Between 1870 and 1900, the foreign-born in New York City declined from 44.5 per cent. to 37; in Chicago, from 48.4 per cent. to 34.6; in San Francisco, from 49.3 to 34.1. Of the ten million foreign-born at the last census over one-third were of English speech. English, Irish, Scotch and Germans together accounted for 60 per cent. of the total.

In New York not long ago a Son of the American Revolution, who stammers badly, sought directions from a street-car man who was waiting at a switch. The man pushed him so violently that he fell sprawling. The impact jarred his defective lingual gear into perfect working-order, and he promptly expressed himself in a manner which showed that he was a native, in complete command of all the resources of the vernacular. Whereupon the street-car man heartily apologized. He had mistaken the Son's gurglings and sputterings, he explained, for "some dago lingo"—and naturally knocked him down as the simplest way of disposing of him.

We are not, in short, becoming a nation of foreigners.

A Successful Session of Congress

CONVENING for the purpose of seeing how little it could do, the late Congress leaves a record as near perfection as human limitations will allow.

An unexpected demand by Republican newspapers for repeal of the duty on wood pulp precipitated a dangerous crisis; but by dexterous management the demand was referred to a select committee consisting of Speaker Cannon and the man in the moon.

This intelligent arrangement, it is to be expected, will enable Mr. Dalzell and Mr. Payne to prove, during the campaign, that they have ever been prepared to treat the tariff in a candid, open-minded manner.

There being no panic next fall—and by no possibility could there have been one in any event—constituencies will be asked to ascribe the absence of one to the beneficent Aldrich-Vreeland currency bill.

Appropriations were heavy; but resistance to the President's request for four battleships will be cited as evidence of rigid economy.

Above all—the most important work of the session—upon two occasions the minority leader was bested in a most notable manner. Upon the first occasion, Mr. Dalzell demanded whether Mr. Williams would answer yes or no to a plain question. Mr. Williams incautiously replying in the affirmative, Mr. Dalzell propounded this question: "Have you left off beating your grandmother?" Democracy's ensuing confusion was uproariously hailed as a harbinger of next fall's event. The second victory, details of which escape our memory, was equally brilliant and important.

Needless to say, this will make splendid campaign material.

The session was eminently successful. No one can doubt that turning tricks for the campaign is a sufficient result of five months' labor by the national legislature, unless he is also prepared to doubt the cheerful assumption of the House managers that the people of the United States are mostly goats.

A Little Light on Matches

THE Diamond Match Company, sometimes called the Match Trust, recently published a compendious review of its history, in which occurs the following statement:

"At one factory sixty per cent. more matches were produced in the year 1907 than the Diamond Match Company of Connecticut [the original form of the trust] manufactured in all of its plants in the year 1881, and this was accomplished with the employment of one-sixth the total number of men employed by the Connecticut company."

Eight hundred and fifty hands in one factory now produce about 225 million matches a day; twenty-seven years ago, five thousand hands in thirty-six factories produced about 140 million a day.

Ten years ago England had a flourishing match industry which ought to have been formidable to this country on account of its celebrated advantage of "pauper labor." But when the American company invaded England with machines that enabled one hand to turn out a quarter of a million matches a day, the English company found that cheap labor, though pauperized to mere zero, would be a broken reed to lean on, and it compromised with the American company on terms dictated by the latter.

This invasion of England was, perhaps, a tactical mistake. The more conservative method would have been to crack up prices at home, after carefully shutting out foreign competition by a high tariff "for the protection of American labor"—which produces ten times as many matches per hand as a generation ago.

One Way Back to Nature

NATURE has again accomplished her celebrated renascence. Summer is at hand. Woods and fields invite. Soon a great many of us, with joyfully responsive hearts, will pack our implements, turn our backs upon the haunts of strife and greed, and piously resort to the Bountiful Mother, to see what of hers we can find to kill.

Men who for ten months have hived in a city's heartless corruption, straining every nerve to improve the prison system, prevent child labor or find a cure for tuberculosis, will now, light-heartedly as boys, tread the sunny upland or thread the forest glade pumping leaden pellets into their little furred or feathered brethren, or trying their best to do so. To the deep and mystic peace of the woods add a pretty partridge with an ounce of shot in its digestion, worried in its last gasps by an intelligent dog, and you have a perfect day. For regeneration, we must ever return to Nature.

But, after all, we can return only a little way. Even if we know that a man whose ancestors came from Virginia (while ours came from Massachusetts) is encamped on the other side of the ridge, sophistication denies us the ultimate joy of creeping over in the solemn night and sticking a knife through his gizzard. If we should find him maimed by the roadside we would have to send for the doctor instead of building a fire around him and sitting down with unemotional curiosity to observe the results.

For the little way we can go, let us, while loading our shotgun, be duly thankful.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The man who goes the pace is generally a poor driver.

¶ There are but two reasons for bachelorhood: cowardice and poverty.

¶ It is easy enough to account for your friends' failures; the thing that you can't somehow figure out is how they succeed

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Scotty's Coup d'État

WHEN Scotty—now, that's not a respectful thing to do: call a United States Senator by a nickname, and a diminutive, at that—not at all in keeping with the dignity and impressiveness of the high office he holds. So, for a fresh start:

When Scotty—pshaw! When Senator Nathan Bay Scotty—oh, what's the use? Everybody calls him Scotty. That's his name.

When Scotty blew into the Senate Chamber on the Monday morning after that eventful Saturday night in Chicago when the sub-committee of the Republican National Committee miraculously happened to hit on the revered and classic cognomen of Julius Cæsar Burrows, of Michigan—just happened, you know—and selected Mr. Burrows as the candidate of the sub-committee for the job of keynoting the National Convention, thereby letting young Mr. Beveridge and young Mr. Dolliver have it cold that while they might have the note they didn't have the key—when Scotty blew into the Senate Chamber on that Monday morning he was the admired of all admirers, except in the two scattering instances of Beveridge and Dolliver, who were not eaten up with admiration, to say the least.

You see, the Senate was of the opinion that Scotty had put one over on somebody. The Senate was not quite sure who was at the plate when Scotty threw the Burrows incurve and struck the batter out, but there was an idea that, perhaps, the striker was T. R., and the Senate hugged that thought to its bosom, and giggled over it like the first-year class at a girl's seminary eating chocolate sundae. The Senate, as is well understood, does not like T. R. Wherein the Senate has nothing on T. R., for he isn't sending any messages of tender regard up that way, either.

Scotty had been in Chicago. It looked all set for either Beveridge or Dolliver. The Senate was wondering which when it took a peek at its morning papers on the day following the meeting, and when it read the headlines: "Julius Cæsar Burrows selected for temporary chairman" everybody—almost—on the Republican side gurgled: "Good old Scotty!" and drank his health in coffee—that is, such Senators did as still retain the coffee habit. A good many of them take hot water in the morning. Those who do used that

Good old Scotty! There never was a time in a similar emergency when he did not come marching to the front. Many others can present a more fluent line of conversation. Many others can talk rings around him when it comes to oratory. Many others have more goods in the show windows, but when it comes to being ecstatically, emphatically, enthusiastically on a job of safe-and-saneing Scotty has them all lost in the woods with the moss growing on the wrong sides of the trees. Scotty is a reactionary with the reverse on so hard you couldn't drag him up to a propaganda for the political uplift if you tied a cable around him and hitched the cable to a traction engine. He believes in things as they are, or were. He is constitutionally, congenitally and perpetually reflex.

A Creed of Three Words

BEFORE Mark Hanna died Scotty's political creed comprised three explosive words: "Hurrah for Hanna!" That is all there was to it; not a slant, angle or protuberance; simply: "Hurrah for Hanna!" Others of the Old Guard might have divergent ideas. Not Scott. He never wavered, never faltered. He was for Hanna and Hanna's policies, Hanna's politics and Hanna's plans, and Hanna, naturally, was extremely fond of him. Those who knew Hanna—who, by the way, was a bigger man than he ever had credit of being—can imagine the state of mind in him that would have been created by various things that have happened in the past few years, had he lived to see. Scotty has endeavored to comport himself as Hanna would have had him. He is like dear, old Senator Bate, of Tennessee, who served in the Senate for many years before his death and never voted on anything until he had assured himself the project was not in variance with any of the provisions of the Constitution of the Confederate States of America.

Thus Scotty organizes his lines of conduct on the Hanna basis. Far be it from him to let anything go by without taking a swat at what he thinks the Old Chief would not have favored. You can introduce newfangled political notions as much as you please and you will always find Scotty lined up for what is, instead of for what might be. He has certain definite ideas about the conduct of the Republican party. You couldn't pry those ideas away from him with a crowbar. Moreover, he reserves the right to himself to think what he pleases about the White House. His theory of government is to have a man for President who thinks the way he does on all these burning topics. Furthermore, that is the governmental theory of a large number of Senators who fondly consider themselves the leaders up there on the hill. Not having, at the present time, a President who does any ready-made or back-action thinking they are usually in a most doleful state and work out their woe by trying to defeat in the Senate whatever they think the President may desire.

Everybody Calls Him Scotty. That's His Name

Scotty knew all about this when he went to Chicago on that eventful errand. The President had expressed some slight preference for a temporary chairman. S'death: 'twas enough! What was needed by Scotty's friends was a house-broken citizen who would not exploit any policy for the party that had not been in the dock so long it was covered with barnacles. No flying to ills he wotted not of for Scotty, and, as for the President, Scotty wotted not a single, solitary wot. At the proper time in the conversation he injected the name of Julius Cæsar Burrows. Huzza! Here was a man who would be safe and sane to a time-locked, copper-riveted fare-you-well. He is as conservative as a black suit of clothes. Scotty landed him. "There,-b'jinks," he said, after it was all over, "I guess there won't be any sky-rockets in that keynote speech, nor any hullabaloo about a certain person now in the White House."

He has served on the Republican National Committee for years, beginning long before West Virginia sent him to the Senate. A good deal of that time he has been on the executive committees. National committeemen have three functions: they decide on the place for holding the convention, look into contests and distribute tickets. Also, they pay as much as can be extracted from them into the campaign treasury for the honor. As for the rest of it, the ordinary committeeman has an advisory capacity, but his advice is never asked. The executive committee sit a little nearer things. They are under the eye of the chairman and can run errands for him.

No Mincing Words for Him

SCOTTY was on the executive committee in the two McKinley campaigns, serving under Hanna, who liked to have him around. He was there four years ago, when Cortelyou was in charge. His was a melancholy job that time, as were the jobs of all the remainder of the executive committee. Mr. Cortelyou had an executive committee, because that was the proper thing to do, and he never did an improper thing in his life. However, he confined the activities of that committee quite rigidly to distributing Roosevelt buttons and sending out lithographs. Scotty will probably be on the executive committee again this year. If he is as successful in getting a new chairman as he was in promoting the middle-of-the-road Burrows his functions may be enlarged considerably. Otherwise, it will be the buttons for him again, but he will be there, just the same.

Nicknames mean two things, contempt and affection. Everybody calls Senator Scott Scotty because everybody likes him. He is a big, two-fisted, open-and-above-board fellow, willing to go as far as he can for his friends and never afraid to mix it with his enemies. He is a politician by term, but he lacks that diplomacy of speech that goes with the trade. When Scotty has anything to say he lets it go, and if the man he is talking about doesn't like what is said he knows what he can do. He has been in the Senate since 1899, is chairman of the Public Buildings and Grounds Committee and a member of other important committees, and does much hard and effective work. He is rich even for West Virginia, where millionaires are as common as protected industries.

Protected industries? Scotty is a stand-patter who hasn't moved since the term was first shifted from the language of poker to be the slogan of the chaps who are the self-constituted guardians of our infant industries. That means he is one of the Old Guard, always on duty to see that nobody trifles with the sacred schedules.

What *was* that business card on his desk a few days ago? Oh, yes; N. B. Scott, President of the Central Glass Works, Wheeling, West Virginia.

One for the Squared Circle

THE President has the pardoning power for all Federal offenders, but the Department of Justice always makes the recommendations. If the Attorney-General says a criminal should be pardoned the President pardons him, and if the Attorney-General says "No," the President does not act. This has been the custom for years. When Senator Knox was Attorney-General an application for pardon was made for a man who had been a prize-fighter and a good one. He had been convicted of some crime against the Government and was guilty. The Attorney-General found no reasons for clemency and said so in his report on the case. Mr. Knox took his pardon papers to a Cabinet meeting. He put the prize-fighter's case on top. Then he sat back and waited, after putting the papers at the President's end of the table.

The President came in. His eye caught the word "prize-fighter." He looked through the papers. Then he laughed, shook a reproving finger at Knox and said: "Mr. Attorney-General, here is where the precedent of a hundred years will be violated."

And he wrote, in big letters, across the face of the recommendation, "Pardoned."

A Contracted Periphery

A WASHINGTON author of fiction wrote a short story not long ago and sent it to one of the leading high-browed magazines.

The author was not unused to the various forms of rejection by the editors, but his eyes bulged when he read this note that came back with his manuscript:

"*Dear Sir:* Owing to the somewhat contracted periphery of availability it is necessary to decline your story."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Bliss Carman, the poet, was once a civil engineer.

¶ The fad of Robert Hoe, who makes the printing presses, is the collection of objects of art.

¶ Daniel Frohman, the theatrical manager, was once an office boy for the New York Tribune

¶ Robert Lincoln O'Brien, editor of the Boston Transcript, was one of President Cleveland's assistant secretaries.

¶ Charles Rohlfs, who used to be a tragedian, and is the husband of Anna Katharine Green, the novelist, now makes furniture.

¶ Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, was born in Ireland, which seems to have something to do with the fitness of names and things.

¶ J. I. C. Clarke, one of the principal publicity dispensers for the Standard Oil Company, once wrote a tragedy about Robert Emmett.

¶ John Hays Hammond, the great mining engineer, intends to live in Washington after he gets tired earning his million-dollar-a-year salary from the Guggenheims.

¶ It is a tie between Tams Bixby, publisher of the St. Paul Pioneer Press, Charles E. Littlefield, Representative in Congress from Maine, and James B. Reynolds, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, as to which has the most complicated and involved signature.

YOUR SAVINGS

Facts About Speculative Bonds

FROM time to time it has been pointed out in this department that bonds are the corner-stone of conservative investment. But with bonds, as with other classes of securities, there are two ways of buying. One is for investment, when the main purpose is the safe and continuous employment of money so that it will produce a steady income; the other is with the speculative idea of being able to sell the security at a higher price than it cost. Practically all the bonds heretofore described here have been of the straight investment type, involving as little risk as it is possible to obtain in such a financial enterprise. This week, however, there will be an explanation of speculative bonds. Since they involve chance they should only be bought by men who are willing to take some risk.

A speculative bond is no different in character from any other bond, and most types of bonds can be speculative. It differs from the investment bond only in that it is subject to fluctuations in its market price and is liable to be up one month and down another.

Speculative bonds may be industrial, railroad or public service corporation. They are the first to feel a business depression or some other disturbance in industry or politics, and are the last to recover from it. Most industrial bonds are more or less speculative, because they depend for their value on trade conditions. Bonds may also be speculative when they happen to be the issues of street railway companies which are involved in politics, such as those of New York City; or of corporations in litigation with, or under investigation by, the United States Government, such as the Tobacco Trust; or of an industry like steel, which has been developed by a high tariff. All these conditions combine to give an element of uncertainty at times to the business which the bond represents, and as a result the bond has a fluctuating value.

Buying Industrial Bonds for Profit

The speculative bond fills the want of the man who does not wish to take all the risk that most stock involves and yet who is not satisfied with the comparatively small yield from the conservative investment bond. In buying a good speculative bond he gets an excellent return on his money and a fair opportunity to realize a profit. At the same time there may be a shrinkage in the value of the bond and he must realize at the outset that he always takes this chance. Let us now see what the various types of speculative bonds are and just what they offer.

One of the attractive features of speculative bonds is that most of them are what is called "active." This means that they are listed on the New York Stock Exchange, are bought and sold frequently and can usually be disposed of readily. Some of the best known bonds are those of great industrial companies and one of the principal types of these is the United States Steel Corporation Sinking Fund Five. This bond is a second mortgage on the property which controls the steel industry in the United States. Practically all the first mortgage bonds of this company were owned by Andrew Carnegie and at one time comprised the bulk of his fortune. Many of them were given away by him in his widespread benefactions and public gifts. The "Steel Sinking Fund Five," as it is commonly known, is the principal bond of the corporation on the market. The facts about it will give an idea of what may be done with a speculative industrial bond of the highest class.

On the day this article was written the Steel Sinking Fund Five sold at 95. Since it runs until 1963 the yield at this price is about 5.25 per cent. This is an income producer it has value. But it has more than this and it is here that the speculative feature comes in. During the past two years this bond has ranged in price from 65 to 101. This means that at one time you could have bought this bond whose par value is $1000, for $650. Assuming that you bought it at its low price (as some people did), and sold it at the market price to-day, you would have a profit of $350. If you had bought it at the low price and sold it when it was at par, the profit would have been $350. It is this process of buying at a low price and waiting until the market is strong and selling at a higher price that constitutes the principal value of speculative bonds.

Now, while these profits look very alluring you must also keep in mind the fact that the steel business, great and profitable as it now is, has been developed, in a way, with the aid of a protective tariff, and this tariff, in turn, is subject to political conditions. If there should be a swift revision of the tariff the price of steel would go down. Steel earnings would then decline and the prices of steel bonds would be affected. If you owned a steel bond and were called on suddenly to sell it at this time, you would very likely have to dispose of it at a sacrifice. In buying speculative bonds, therefore, you must be prepared to see your security go down and be able to hold it until the market warrants a sale of it at a profit.

Following are some types of industrial bonds with prices at the time this article is written. With them are also given their range of price during the past twelve months so as to show what the opportunities for profit in speculation are. The bonds are:

American Hide and Leather Sinking Fund 6s, due in 1919. The price is 82, which would make the yield almost 9 per cent. This bond has ranged from 68 to 91.

American Tobacco 4s, due in 1951. At the price of 72 the yield would be about 5.75 per cent. The range of price has been from 54 to 79.

Central Leather First 5s, due in 1925. At the present price of 95 the yield would be about 5.35 per cent. This bond has sold from 78 to 99.

International Paper Convertible 5s, due in 1935. At the present price of 81 the yield would be about 6.75 per cent. The range of price has been from 76 to 92.

Lackawanna Steel Convertible 5s, due in 1923. At the present price of 90 the yield would be about 6 per cent. This bond has ranged from 80 to 102.

United States Realty and Improvement Company Convertible 5s, due in 1924. At the present price of 73 the yield would be more than 7 per cent. These bonds have ranged in price from 62 to 95.

Speculative Railroad Bonds

Speculative railroad bonds are often those of extensions or adjunct lines of well-known systems. Frequently they are what is known as a "junior lien." A junior lien is a second mortgage, the first mortgage being known as a "senior lien."

Some types of speculative railroad bonds, with prices at the time this article is written, are:

Rock Island Collateral Trust 4s, due in 2002. At the present market price of 67 these bonds yield about 6 per cent. Their range has been from 49 to 77.

Rock Island Collateral Trust 5s, due in 1913. The present price of 72 would make the yield about 10 per cent. These bonds have ranged from 59 to 71.

Colorado and Southern Refunding and Extension 4½s, due in 1935. At the present price of 80 the yield would be about 6 per cent. This bond has ranged from 76 to 95.

Iowa Central Refunding 4s, due in 1951. The present price of 75 would make the yield about 5⅝ per cent. The range in price has been from 73 to 87.

Missouri, Kansas and Texas General Mortgage 4½s, due in 1936. At the present price of 81 the yield would be about 6 per cent. This bond has ranged from 70 to 86.

St. Louis and San Francisco Refunding 4s due in 1951. At the present market price of 75 the yield would be nearly 6 per cent. This bond has ranged from 67 to 81.

In connection with speculative railroad bonds it is interesting perhaps to call attention to a kind of bond never before explained here. It is known as the Income Bond and is highly speculative. An income bond is one whose interest is paid only when it is earned. Sometimes the principal is guaranteed. In other words it is like stock so far as the payment of interest is concerned. You are liable to get the interest one year and not get it the next. There are not many income bonds on the market. One of the best known and most active (and which will serve as a type) is issued by the Central of Georgia Railroad. There are three types of this bond, known as First, Second and Third Preferred Income Bonds. All are 5s and due in 1945.

Take the First, for example. It sold on the day this article is written at 71. During last year it sold as low as 58 and as high as 90. The Second has ranged from 44 to 73, while the Third has been down to 32 and up to 65. Thus these bonds offer considerable opportunity for profit, if you are willing to take the chance.

You can get good returns, too, on some speculative public service corporation bonds, such as, for example, the Interborough-Metropolitan Collateral Trust 4½, due in 1956. The market price now is 67. This bond has ranged during the past eighteen months from 47½ to 82.

How to Get the "and Interest" Price

All the prices quoted in this article are "flat" prices. The flat price is the price traded in on the New York Stock Exchange and is the one that appears in the newspaper and other records of bond sales. But bond yields are figured in the official "Bond Values" on the "and interest" prices, and every investor ought to know how to obtain this price. The "and interest" means the accrued interest—that is, the interest that has accumulated to the day the bond is sold. This interest figures in the cost and the yield.

Take, for example, a five per cent. $1000 bond, whose interest dates are January and July, that is sold on April 1 at 82 flat. There is three months' interest accrued on this bond, or $12.50. In points (each point on a thousand-dollar bond is $10) this is 1¼ points. To obtain the "and interest" price you simply deduct the amount of accrued interest in points from the flat price. In this concrete example it would result in 80¾ being the "and interest" price. The man who buys the bond pays the accrued interest but he gets it back when the next coupon comes due.

By means of little books called "Bond Interest Tables," it is possible to tell at a glance just what the accrued interest on a bond for any period from one day to six months is. These tables are computed by well-known authorities and are standard. They bear the same official relation to bond interest that "Bond Values" bear to bond yields. Some bond houses give away these "Bond Interest Tables" as an advertisement, and they are on sale, too.

It is of value, perhaps, to add, in this connection, that all the quotations on bonds in bond circulars and announcements by bankers are "and interest" prices.

Cautious Mr. Edison

THE trustees had completed a beautiful church building with a high spire, projecting far above any other neighboring building. When it was nearing completion the question arose, should they put on a lightning rod. The great building had strained their financial resources severely, and one party on the board was of the opinion that they should avoid this unnecessary expense, supporting their economic attitude by the argument that to put on a lightning rod would argue a lack of trust in Providence. Finally, after much debate, it was decided, as Edison, the inventor, was readily accessible, to submit the question to him. Mr. Edison listened gravely to the arguments presented pro and con. "What is the height of the building, gentlemen?"

The number of feet was given.

"How much is that above that of any surrounding structures?" The data were supplied.

"It is a church, you say?"

"Yes."

Well, said Edison, "on the whole I should advise you to put on a lightning rod. Providence is apt at times to be a little absent-minded."

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THE FIRE

Continued from Page 9

while Elliott, carrying his hoe, an axe and two canteens, retraced the way he had come.

He found Charley Morton half-way down the mountain and delivered the filled canteen.

"That tastes good," sighed the ranger, wiping his lips. "Went dry about three o'clock, and haven't had any since. We had a pretty lively lump of work getting this line thrown around her with only six men to do it. Got her inside now—if we can hold her there." He gazed contemplatively aloft at a big dead pine blazing merrily to its very top. Every once in a while a chunk of bark or a piece of limb came flaring down to hit the ground with a thump. "There's the trouble," said he. "This ground fire's pretty safe—with a little watching and patrolling. But a brand from one of those fellows is liable to tumble down most anywhere. Or a coal may roll down hill. It only takes a single spark the other side of this," he stamped his foot on the brushed line, "to fix it all to do over again."

Elliott went on down the hill. He crossed a ravine, surmounted a little ridge. Now he was in the worse than total darkness of the almost extinct area. Embers and coals burned over all the side hill like so many evil winking eyes. Far ahead, down the mountain, the rising smoke glowed incandescent with the light of an invisible fire beneath. Elliott, blinded by this glow, had great difficulty in making his way. Once he found himself on the great bold roundness of a granite dome, and had to retrace his steps. Twice he lost his footing utterly, but fortunately fell only a short distance. At last he found himself in the V of a narrow ravine.

There at the bottom a single coal had lodged, and had already started into flame the dry, small brush. It had fallen from an oak a hundred feet up the hill, and in some mysterious way had found a path to this hidden pocket. Elliott set to work with his hoe.

In the course of an hour and a half he learned considerable of the ways of fire. The brush proved very hard to cut out, for it bent away from his stroke; the tar-weed exceedingly stubborn under even the most vigorous wielding of his sharpened hoe. He made the initial mistake of starting his defense too near the fire, so that by the time he had completed one end the flames had outflanked him. Then he fell back twenty feet. The circumference of the flames had increased as their circle spread. He had now four or five times as much to do as at first. Luckily the fire did not run very fast. Nevertheless, for the first time, Elliott came to a full realization that it would be necessary to buckle down to business. He worked desperately. Continual wielding of the hoe tired a certain set of muscles to the cruelly-aching point. His mouth became dry and sticky, but he could not spare time to hunt up his canteen. The little licking flames had at last, by dint of a malignant persistence, become a personal enemy. He fought it absorbedly, throwing his line farther and farther as the necessity arose, running back to beat down with green brush the first feeble up-startings of the fire as here and there it leaped his barrier, keeping a vigilant eye on every part of his defenses. So absorbed was he that Ashley Thorne's dry and incisive voice startled him as though out of a trance. He looked up in a bewildered fashion to see the supervisor and Pollock standing above him.

"What you doing?" asked Thorne.

"Corralling this fire," panted Elliott, resuming work, for he was within a few feet of joining his defense safely to the burned area.

"What for?" demanded Thorne.

Elliott looked up in sheer amazement.

"See that rock dike just up the hill behind you?" explained Thorne. "Well, our fire-line already runs up to that on both sides. Fire couldn't cross it. We expected this little patch to burn."

He laughed at the expression on Elliott's face.

"Never mind. Your work isn't quite useless. You've learned something. In this business you want to take advantage of all the natural defenses you can. And another thing: don't ever again try to stop a fire on an up-slope. Take it at the top, or just over the top: it burns slower there. Now, take a drink, and then you and Pollock follow the fire-line down. We have her surrounded, but we've got to patrol very carefully until the ground fire has burned plumb out to the line."

Somewhat crestfallen Elliott followed his sardonically silent companion down the length of the fire-line. They passed in turn four of the men. Once they stopped to help where matters were a trifle too lively. At last they found themselves at the head of a little fifty-foot drop. California John greeted them.

"Glad to see you, youngsters," said he. "You can hop down and take charge of the lower end. I ought to have wings to keep here and there both."

They scrambled down. The half-mile or so under their charge was still actively blazing, although the fire-line had here too been established. For several hours they hoed and beat desperately in the very face of the flames. It was hot work. Their garments were literally drenched with sweat, and a fierce drain sucked at their strength. The necessity for haste spurred them, for never did the fire rest. It had the intelligent malice of a cunning enemy: creeping around the corners of boulders; dashing suddenly through an opening; apparently surrendering and dying down, only to preserve for a fresh sally a single tiny concealed red spark. Sketchy method did not go. The job had to be thorough, thorough to the point of cold ashes. And in the mean time, below and above, other little fires were breaking across.

The boys worked well, now side by side, now drawing apart. They said nothing. After some two hours Pollock broke the silence.

"Mr. Elliott, can I have a drink from your canteen? Mine's up yonder."

Elliott picked up his canteen; he rattled it incredulously.

"It's empty," said he; "I must have drunk up a gallon!"

After the first flurry had passed they continued on around the line. For a half-hour they raked away leisurely at the heavy bark beneath a huge blazing stub, establishing thus a quarantine around the menace. The ground fire had now destroyed everything inflammable up to the fire-line. No danger was to be apprehended in the breaking across. But everywhere through the now darkening forest blazed the standing trees. A wind would fill the air with brands. Even in the present dead calm those near the line were a constant threat. Elliott and Pollock, pacing back and forth, soon became acquainted individually with each of these danger spots. This new and temporary landscape took to itself the dignity of age and establishment.

All night long thus they patrolled. They were very thirsty and, after the ground fire had died, somewhat chilly, but they did not dare leave the line, and a hasty examination of the nearby ravine failed to discover water.

About daylight Thorne came scrambling down the mountain on a horse.

"Things all right here?" he demanded.

"All out but two or three smouldering old stubs," replied Elliott. "Everything's safe."

"Everything's not safe by a jugful," replied Thorne, "but it's the cool of the morning. Fire burns low. Get back to camp and eat some breakfast and get a little sleep. We may need you later."

Wearily the lads clambered up the mountain. It seemed much more of a journey than it had appeared the night before. Gone was the glamour of the fight, the enchantment of the camp-fire illumination in the darkness. A chill gray of dawn was abroad; the smell of stale burning hung in the air. Everything had changed. Elliott hardly recognized any of the country he had felt his way over so minutely the night before. The granite dome turned out to be an ordinary outcrop. He could not find at all where he had hoed away so desperately inside the fire-line. And the top of the mountain was very far.

In camp the other men had already made a pot of coffee and opened some cans. Not much was attempted in the way of formal breakfast, although none had eaten for nearly twenty-four hours. Now that the excitement was over, a great weariness descended upon them.

"I'm all in," acknowledged Elliott as he spread his blanket. "I'm willing to say so."

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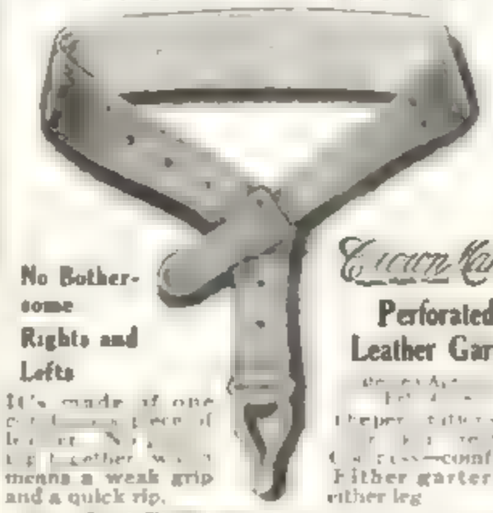

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"Me too," said Jack Pollock unexpectedly.

This was about six o'clock. By shortly after seven Thorne returned.

"Crawl out of that!" he shouted. "There's fresh smoke down below! Get a move on you!"

California John was on his feet; so was Charley Morton. They and Thorne shook the rest into consciousness. Half an hour later the boys found themselves, with all the others, digging, hoeing, chopping, beating in a frenzy that made last night's efforts look like a quiet game of croquet. And now the sun, rising in the unruffled summer blue, beat down on them to add to the heat of the flames.

It was astonishing what a difference that sun made. Where in the cool of the night the flames had crept slowly, now they leaped forward with a fierce crackling; green brush that would ordinarily have resisted for a long time now sprang into fire at a touch. The conflagration spread from a single point in all directions, running forward swiftly, roaring in a sheet of fire, licking up all before it.

After a brief ten minutes Thorne called back his men. Like a good general he had long since canvassed all the possibilities. Realizing that it would now be impossible to thrust the enemy back, he retreated to the next ridge, there to construct another line of defense.

For about an hour everybody worked like mad, running a fresh fire-line. The forest here, remote from the actual conflagration, was cool and green. Birds were singing in all directions; squirrels leaped here and there; woodpeckers drummed in the dead tops. Except for a faint acrid smell and a blue-gray mist among the trees, none would have guessed the reason for the crazy activity of the little band of men on the ridge-top. Yet the affair had become a very deadly-earnest sort of race. The men were trying to complete the path across the ridge before the fire should creep up to cross it.

As the work went on, this fact became more clearly evident. Wisps of smoke drifted through the tree-aisles. Puffs of hot air blew against the workers' cheeks. Finally in the openings could be discerned little flickering flames.

"There she comes," gasped Morton.

They redoubled their efforts. Soon they were fairly choked by the dense clouds of smoke, fairly scorched by the waves of heat. Sweat poured from them in streams. And then, when they were within a scant hundred yards of the stone dike which was to constitute their right wing, the flames sprang with a roar to new life. Up the slope they galloped, as though charging, whirled around the end of the fire-line, and began eagerly to lick up the tar-weed and needles of the ridge-top.

Jack Pollock and Bert Elliott uttered a simultaneous cry of dismay. The victory had seemed fairly in their grasp. Now all chance of it was snatched away. The other men shouldered their implements and set off in a dog trot after Thorne. The supervisor merely fell back to the next natural barrier.

"See if we can't close her this time, boys," was all his comment.

The same scenes were reënacted. The same result obtained. For the third time that day the rangers were forced back on a new base. For the fourth time they had their work to do over again from the beginning. They had had only one meal in two days and but an hour's sleep. Water had long since given out. The sun beat hot and merciless, assisting its kinsman, the fire. Men were blackened beyond recognition, hollow-eyed from privation, staggering with weariness. Bert Elliott thought a dozen times that now surely Thorne would give up the unequal contest as hopeless. It seemed ridiculous that this little handful of men should hope to arrest anything so mighty, so proud, so magnificent as this great conflagration. As well expect a colony of ants to stop a break in a levee. But every one seemed to take it as a matter of course. Elliott often thought himself on the point of absolute exhaustion, but got a new grip on himself each time by looking at Pollock. That young man also kept his nerve by the contemplation of Elliott.

"If he can keep pegging, I can," was the unspoken thought of the young mountaineer.

The boys worked a great deal of the time shoulder to shoulder. When the fourth defense was reached before the flames had reached it, Elliott threw his hat up, and Pollock shook his fist at the advancing fire. They turned impulsively toward each other.

"We fooled him that time!" cried Elliott.

"Bet you!" replied Pollock.

Time had passed without their having had the chance to mark it. The cool of evening was already falling, and the fierceness of the conflagration was falling in response. There remained still to maintain the integrity of the line just established, to prevent the fire from overleaping the path, from creeping across some ill-swept portion. Last night this had seemed to the boys the hardest kind of hard work. Now, in contrast to the day's greater labor, it had become easy.

About midnight Thorne again rode down to them. For the moment they were leaning on their hoe-handles and watching a burning stub. An immense weariness bowed their shoulders and bent their backs and legs. As Thorne approached from behind he almost expected to see them at any moment sink in their tracks. Yet when he spoke, and they turned, the supervisor was satisfied.

"Good for a while yet," he inquired.

"Sure," replied Elliott promptly. Pollock grinned.

"We've got her inside now," said Thorne, "and this trip we've got to keep her there, if we never go to sleep again. We don't want to have to do it all over again."

At the end of the fiftieth hour a dozen horsemen appeared most unexpectedly. They were the rangers of the upper camps, and some cowmen picked up on the way.

"Hop along," said they to the boys. "You're through. We'll keep this corralled now."

Elliott and Pollock dropped their hoes and turned up the mountain. The excitement and responsibility drained from them suddenly, leaving them like hollow shells. Suddenly they were very thirsty, more than tired, faint, exhausted, done for.

"I'd give a dollar for a drink of water," muttered Pollock.

They stumbled and staggered on. A twig sufficed to trip them up. Pollock mumbled between set teeth, over and over, his complaint:

"I'd give a dollar for a drink of water."

Finally Elliott grinned.

"Offer not accepted," said he. "Better make it a dollar and a half; then, maybe, some angel will hand you out a glass."

"That's all right," returned Pollock resentfully. "I bet there's some down yonder, and I'm going to see."

"I wouldn't climb down there for a million drinks," said Elliott. "I'll sit down and wait for you."

Pollock climbed down, found the water, drank. Then an overwhelming drowsiness seized hold of him imperatively. His will was swiftly thrust aside by his physical need of sleep. But he fought it back as desperately as a short time before he had fought back the fire. His friend Elliott was up that bank waiting. He filled the canteen and girded his soul for the weary struggle.

An hour or so later Thorne and California John rode down the mountain leading two saddle-horses. They came on the boys lying just where the great sleep had claimed them. Elliott was curled around an outcropping root; Pollock lay half-across his body. They were in the full sun, and a procession of red ants was disappearing up Elliott's trouser-leg to emerge in unbroken ranks at his neck-band.

"Well," said Thorne, "what do you think of it now?"

"Take it all back," replied California John. "There wasn't a man on the line did better work than them two unbroke kids. They're both oil, all right—and all-fired good brands."

(THE END)

Editor's Note—This is the last of the series of stories by Mr. White dealing with life in the forest reserves.

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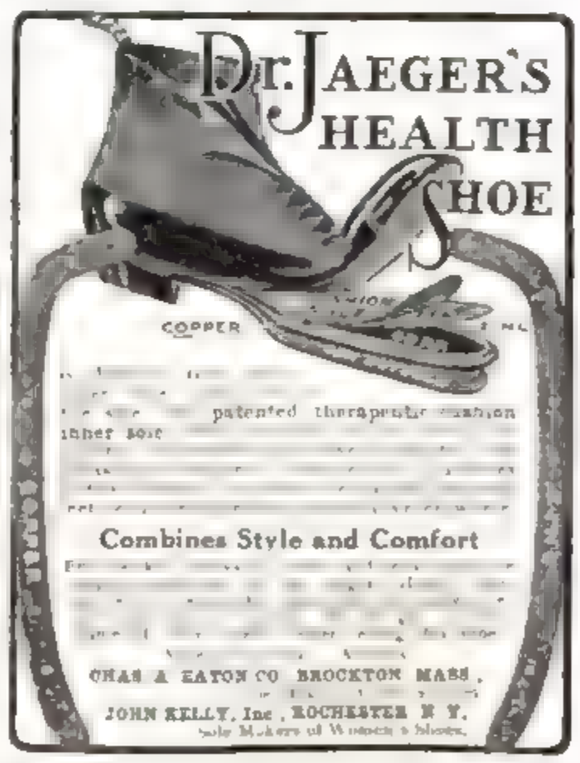

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AMERICA'S EXTRAORDINARY ENVOYS

Concluded from Page 4

side of the corridor. After knocking, you entered a room where you encountered the famous envoy himself. Usually, at the end of five minutes, you left, and, unless business called you back again, that was your only call at the Legation, for it was rare indeed that the "Judge" did not find some ground or other on which to pick a quarrel with traveling Americans.

The extreme unpretentiousness of our official quarters was not so much because the Minister loved a simple life, as because he revered economy as the first of the cardinal virtues. His salary was $12,000 a year. Of this he annually saved $[illegible]. His expenditures were considerably lessened by his having no house-rent to pay and almost nothing for servants' wages. The Government allowed him $300 a year for the rent of Legation offices. He hired the flat where he lived for exactly $300 a year, and balanced accounts by turning over for official uses one small room, keeping the rest of the apartment for himself.

One of the few things that ever tempted the Minister to call upon any lady of the colony on one of her afternoons at home was the hope of enlivening the occasion with a "scene," such as he reveled in.

When the "Judge" was first received in private audience by the Queen, the royal lady asked the diplomat how he liked the ancient city, from what he had seen of it. He replied that up to that time he had seen nothing of it, as he had been confined to the house with a bad cold.

"You will soon get over that in our splendid climate," observed the Queen.

"Splendid climate!" echoed the Minister derisively. "It was this splendid climate that gave me my cold."

"It has not been as fine weather as we generally get this time of year," said her Majesty.

"Rather exceptional season?" queried the envoy, smiling sarcastically.

"Indeed, yes; very exceptional," she replied.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" roared the naturalized Minister. "Everybody here works off that same gag on the newcomers. But I asked a friend of mine about it. He has been here for twenty years, and has one of your biggest stores. 'Yes,' says he, 'this is an exceptional year all right for the weather, but you can take my word for it they're all exceptional years. We only get a mild winter about once every ten years.'"

"I hope your cold will soon leave you, Mr. Minister," said the Queen, smiling at the unusualness of the situation.

"I doubt it," retorted the suave plenipotentiary. "Anyhow, I'm no worse off than your Majesty, for I notice that you, too, have a cold in the head."

Now the fair sovereign did not have a cold at that particular time. The acute diplomat from America had been deceived by a peculiar intonation in the lady's voice, of which defect she was keenly sensitive.

It was also in the royal palace that the famous envoy made another of his characteristic "breaks." The occasion was the annual court dinner to the Ambassadors and Ministers. By the time the cloth was removed our representative had reached a state of noisy exhilaration, being, as he explained afterward, unaccustomed to drinking champagne. During the King's speech of welcome to the diplomatic corps, the royal words were smothered at one end of the table by the incoherent exuberance of the naturalized American. Thinking to silence the obstreperous individual, at least for a time, one of his colleagues beckoned to a palace servant to hand the cigars to the American Minister. The Judge glanced contemptuously at the salver, and then nodded his head to the waiter, saying, in a loud voice: "None for me, if I know it. I've smoked the King's cigars before, and prefer my own."

Then, as the butler was moving away, the envoy called him back, took four or five cigars from the plate, and put them in his pocket, saying: "I'll use these for tips for the cabbies."

I could narrate enough episodes about this diplomat to fill a book, every one of which was currently known to Americans and foreigners in that great cosmopolitan city. That important capital had never known anything quite like him, though it had been a centre of civilization for over two thousand years. Since then it has had one or two other American Ministers who were mild imitations of the historic original, for the same system of diplomatic appointments is still in force—and a like cause produces like effects.

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THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from Page 13)

mother and a scandal to the newspapers. . . . . Oh, slush! I'm talking like an autobiography! Don't go, if you can stand it for a moment longer; I'm never likely to do it again."

Hamil, silent and uncomfortable, stood stiffly upright, gloved hands resting on the balustrade behind him. Malcourt continued to stare at the butterflies dancing over the snowy beds of blossoms.

"In college it was the same," he said. "I had few friends—and no home to return to after—my father—died." He hesitated as though listening. Whenever he spoke of his father, which was seldom, he seemed to assume that curious listening attitude, as though the man, dead by his own hand, could hear him. . . . . "Wayward saw me through. I've paid him back what he spent on me. You know his story—everybody does. I like him and sponge on him. We irritate each other; I'm a beast to resent his sharpness. But he's not right when he says I never had any illusions. . . . I had and have . . . . I do beastly things, too. . . . . Some men will do anything to crush out the last quiver of pride in them. . . . . And the worst is that, mangled, torn, mine still palpitates—like one of your wretched, bloody quail gaping on its back! At least, *I* couldn't do *that!*—*Kill* for pleasure!—as better men than I do. And better women, too! . . . . What am I talking about? I've done worse than that on impulse—meaning well, like other fools."

Malcourt's face had become drawn, sallow, almost sneering; but in the slow gaze he turned on Hamil was that blank hopelessness which no man can encounter and remember unmoved.

"Malcourt," he said, "you're morbid. Men like you; women like you —— So do I now ——"

"It's too late. I needed that sort of thing when I was younger. Kindness arouses my suspicion now. Toleration is what it really is. I have no money, no social position here—or abroad; only a thoroughly discredited name in two hemispheres. It took several generations for the Malcourts to go to the devil, but I fancy we'll all arrive on time. What a reunion! I hate the idea of family parties, even in hell."

He straightened up gracefully and lighted his cigarette; then the easy smile twitched his dry lips again and he nodded mockingly at Hamil:

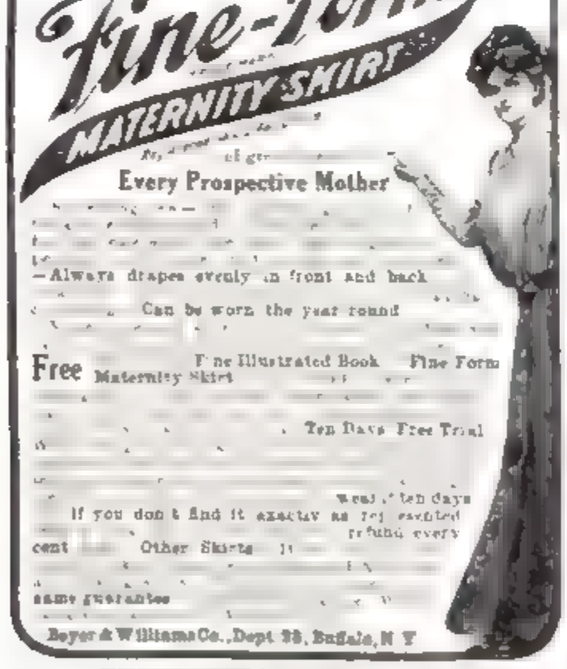
"Count on my friendship, Hamil; it's so valuable. It has already quite ruined one person's life, and will no doubt damage others before I flicker out."

"What do you mean, Malcourt?"

"What I say, old fellow. With the best intentions toward self-sacrifice I usually do irreparable damage to the objects of my regard. Beware my friendship, Hamil. There's no luck in it or me. . . . But I do like you."

He laughed and sauntered off into the house as Hamil's horse was brought around, and Hamil, traversing the terrace, mounted under a running fire of badinage from Shiela and Cecile, who had just come from the tennis-courts to attempt some hated embroidery for the charity fair.

So he rode away to his duties in the forest, leaving a placid sewing-circle on the terrace. From which circle, presently, Shiela silently detached herself, arms encumbered with her writing materials and



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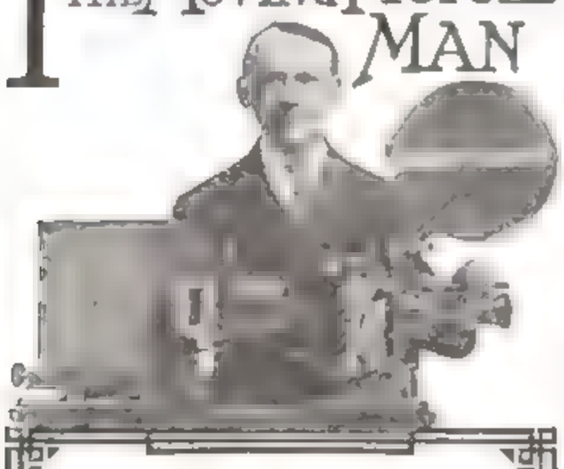

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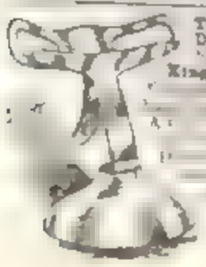

To the Motion Readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The King Newspaper Holder

The Newark Manufacturing Company

Newark, New Jersey

silks. Strolling aimlessly along the balustrade for a while, watching the bees scrambling in the scarlet trumpet flowers, she wandered into the house and through to the cool patio.

For some days now, after Hamil's daily departure, it had happened that an almost unendurable restlessness akin to suspense took possession of her; a distaste and impatience of people and their voices, and the routine of the commonplace.

To occupy herself in idleness was an effort; she had no desire to. She had recently acquired the hammock habit, lying for hours in the coolness of the patio, making no effort to think, listening to the splash of the fountain, her book or magazine open across her breast. When people came she picked up the book and scanned its pages.

And that morning, Malcourt, errant, found her reading in her hammock. Expecting him to pass his way as usual, she nodded with civil indifference, and continued her reading.

"I want to ask you something," he said, "if I may interrupt you."

"What is it, Louis?"

"May I draw up a chair?"

"Why — if you wish. Is there anything I can do for you? — closing my book?"

"Is there anything I can do for *you*, Shiela?"

A tinge of color came into her cheeks.

"Thank you," she said, in curt negation.

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite. What do you mean?"

"There is one thing I might do for your sake," he smiled. "Blow my brains out."

She said in a low, contemptuous voice: "Better resort to that for your own sake than do what you are doing to Miss Suydam."

"What am I doing to Miss Suydam?"

"Making love to her."

He sat, eyes idly following the slight swaying motion of her hammock, the smile still edging his lips.

"Don't worry about Miss Suydam," he said; "she can take care of herself. What I want to say is this: Once out of mistaken motives — which nobody, including yourself, would ever credit — I gave you all I had to give — my name. . . . It's not much of a name, but I thought you could use it. I was even fool enough to think — other things. And, as usual, I succeeded in injuring where I meant only kindness. Can you believe that?"

"I — think you meant it kindly," she said under her breath. "It was my fault, Louis. I do not blame you, if you really cared for me. I've told you so before."

"Yes; but I was ass enough to think *you* cared for *me*."

She lay in her hammock, looking at him across the crimson-fringed border.

"There are two ways out of it," he said; "one is divorce. Have you changed your mind?"

"What is the other?" she asked coldly.

"That — if you could ever learn to care for me — we might try ——" He stopped short.

For two years he had not ventured such a thing to her. The quick, bright anger warned him from her eyes. But she said quietly: "You know that is impossible."

"Is it impossible, Shiela?"

"Absolutely. And a trifle offensive."

He said pleasantly: "I was afraid so, but I wanted to be sure. I did not mean to offend you. People change and mature in two years. . . . I suppose you are as angrily impatient of sentiment in a man as you were then."

"I cannot endure it ——"

Her voice died out and she blushed furiously as the memory of Hamil flashed in her mind.

"Shiela," he said quietly, "now and then there's a streak of misguided decency in me. It cropped out that winter day when I did what I did. And I suppose it's cropping up now when I ask you, for your own sake, to get rid of me and give yourself a chance."

"How?"

"Legally."

"I cannot, and you know it."

"You are wrong. Do you think for one moment that your father and mother would accept the wretched sacrifice you are making of your life if they knew ——"

"The old arguments again," she said impatiently.

"There is a *new* argument," said Malcourt, staring at her.

"What new argument?"

"Hamil."

Then the vivid color surged anew from neck to hair, and she rose in the hammock, bewildered, burning, incensed.

"If it were true," she stammered, leaning on one arm, "do you think me capable of disgracing my own people?"

"The disgrace will be mine and yours. Is not Hamil worth it?"

"No man is worth any wrong I do to my own family!"

"You are wronging more people than your own, Shiela ——"

"It is not true!" she said breathlessly. "There is a nobler happiness than one secured at the expense of selfishness and ingratitude. I tell you, as long as I live I will not have them know or suffer because of my disgraceful escapade with you! You probably meant well; I must have been crazy, I think. But we've got to endure the consequences. If there's unhappiness and pain to be borne we've got to bear it — we alone ——"

"And Hamil. All three of us."

She looked at him desperately; read in his cool gaze that she could not deceive him, and fell silent.

"What about Hamil's unhappiness?" repeated Malcourt slowly.

"If — if he has any, he requires no instruction how to bear it."

Malcourt nodded; then, with a weary smile: "I do not plead with you for my own chance of happiness. Yet you owe me something, Shiela."

"What?"

"The right to face the world under true colors. You owe me that."

She whitened to the lips. "I know it."

"Suppose I ask for that right?"

"I have always told you that, if you demanded it, I would take your name openly."

"Yes. But now you admit that you love Hamil."

"Love! Love!" she repeated, exasperated. "What has that got to do with it? I know what the law of obligation is. You meant to be generous to me and you ruined your own life. If your future career requires me publicly to assume your name and a place in your household, I've told you that I'll pay that debt."

"Very well. When will you pay it?"

She blanched pitifully.

"When you insist, Louis."

"Do you mean you would go out there to the terrace, *now!* — and tell your mother what you've done?"

"Yes, if I must," she answered faintly.

"In other words, because you think you're in my debt, you stand ready to acknowledge, on demand, what I gave you — my name?"

Her lips moved in affirmation, but deep in her sickened eyes he saw terror unspeakable.

"Well," he said, looking away from her, "don't worry, Shiela. I'm not asking that of you; in fact, I don't want it. That's not very complimentary, but it ought to relieve you. . . . I'm horribly sorry about Hamil; I like him; I'd like to do something for him. But if I attempted anything it would turn out all wrong. . . . As for you — well, you are plucky. Poor little girl! I wish I could help you out — short of a journey to eternity. And perhaps I'll take that before very long," he added gayly; "I smoke too many cigarettes. Cheer up, Shiela, and send me a few thousand for Easter."

He rose, gracefully as always, picked up the book from where it lay tumbled in the netting of the hammock, glanced casually through a page or two.

Still scanning the print, he said:

"I wanted to give you a chance; I'm going North in a day or two. It isn't likely we'll meet again very soon. . . . So I thought I'd speak. . . . And, if at any time you change your ideas — I won't oppose it."

"Thank you, Louis."

He was running over the pages rapidly now, the same unchanging smile edging his lips.

"The unexpected sometimes happens, Shiela — particularly when it's expected. There are ways and ways — particularly when one is tired — too tired to lie awake and listen any longer, or resist. . . . My father used to say that anybody who could use an anæsthetic was the equal of any graduate physician ——"

"Louis! What do you mean?"

But his head was bent again in that curious attitude of listening; and after a moment he made an almost imperceptible gesture of acquiescence, and turned to her

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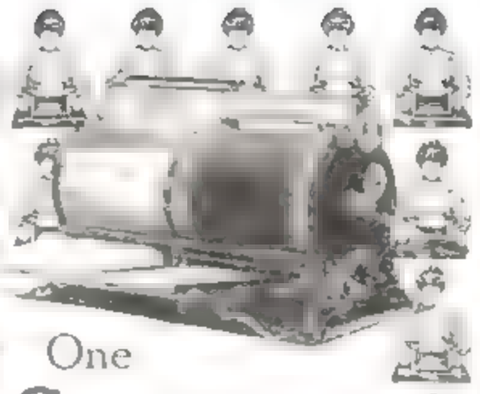

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[illegible] too intelligent to mistake him, smiled a little at his gay perversity.

He met Portlaw later at the Beach Club for luncheon; and, as the latter looked particularly fat, warm and worried, Malcourt's [illegible] humor remained in the ascendant, and he tormented Portlaw until that badgered gentleman emitted a bellow of exasperation

"What on earth's the matter?" asked Malcourt in pretended astonishment. "I thought I was being funny."

"Funny! Does a man want to be prodded with wit at his own expense when the market is getting funnier every hour — at his expense? Go and look at the tape if you want to know why I don't enjoy either your wit or this accursed luncheon."

"What's happening, Portlaw?"

"I wish you'd tell me.

"Market making?

"Partly. I suppose

"Manipulation

"People say so. I don't believe it. There's a rotten lot of gambling going on. If I knew what's the matter?"

"Perhaps there isn't anything the matter, old fellow."

"Well, there is. I can sniff it 'way down here. And I'm going home to walk about and listen and sniff some more. Sag, sag, sag! — that's what the market has been doing for months. Yet, if I sell it short, it rallies on me and I'm chased to cover. I go long and the thing sags like the panties on that French count yonder. . . . Who's the blond girl with him?

"'Hope springs eternal in the human breast,'" observed Malcourt. "Hope is a bird, Porty, old chap ——"

"Hope is a squab," growled Portlaw, swallowing vast quantities of claret, "all squshy and full of pin-feathers. That's what hope is. It needs a thorough roasting, and it's getting it.

"Exquisite metaphor," mused Malcourt, gazing affably at the rather blond girl who crumbled her bread and looked occasionally and blankly at him, occasionally and affectionately at the French count, her escort, who was consuming lobster with characteristic Gallic thoroughness and abandon.

"'The world,'" quoted Malcourt, "'is so full of a number of things.' You're one of 'em; I'm several. . . . Well, if you're going North I'd better get ready."

"What have you got to do?"

"One or two friends of mine who preside in the Temple of Chance yonder. Oh, don't assume that babyish pout! I've won enough back to keep going for the balance of the time we remain."

Portlaw, relieved, finished his claret.

"You've a few ladies to take leave of, also," he said briskly.

"Really, Portlaw!" — in gentle admonition.

"Haw! Haw!" roared Portlaw, startling the entire café; "you'd better get busy. There'll be a run on the bank. There'll be a waiting line before Malcourt & Co. opens for business, each fair penitent with her little I. O. U. to be cashed! Haw! Haw! Sad dog! Bad dog! The many-sided Malcourt! Come on; I've got a motor across the ——"

"And I've an appointment with several superfluous people and a girl," said Malcourt dryly. Then he glanced at the blond companion of the count, who continued crumbling bread between her brilliantly-ringed fingers as though she had never before seen Louis Malcourt. The price of diamonds varies. Sometimes it is merely fastidious observance of convention and a sensitive escort. It all depends on the world one inhabits; it does, indeed.

CHAPTER XIV

AN HOUR or two later that afternoon Wayward and Constance Palliser, Gussie Vetchen and Livingston Cuyp gazed with variously mingled sentiments

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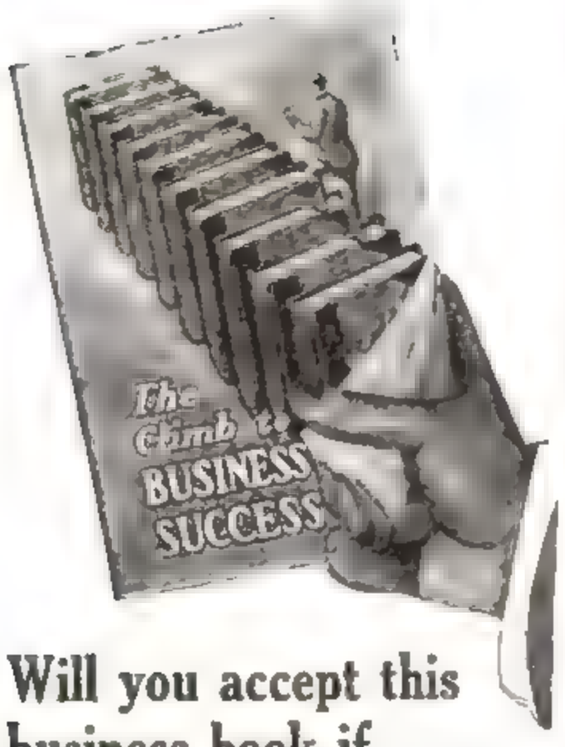

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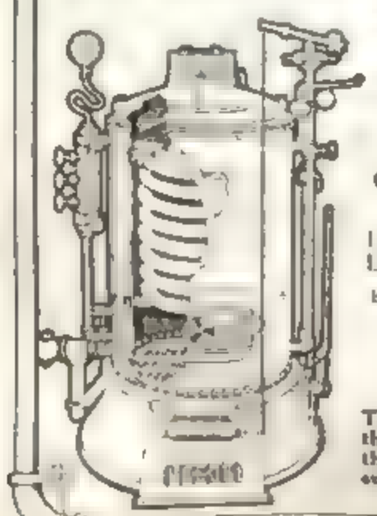

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Vetchen bestowed largess upon the small, freckled boy attendant; and his distinguished disapproval upon the largest lady-crocodile which, with interlocked but grinning jaws, slumbered under a vertical sun in monochromatic majesty.

Wayward and Miss Palliser had wandered off together to inspect the pumps. Vetchen, always inquisitive, had discovered a coy manatee in one tank, and was all for poking it with his walking-stick until he saw its preposterous countenance emerge from the water.

"Great Heavens," he faltered, "it looks like a Dutch ancestor of Cuyp's!"

Cuyp, intensely annoyed, glanced at his watch.

"Where the mischief did Miss Suydam and Malcourt go?" he asked Wayward. "I say, Miss Palliser, you don't want to wait here any longer, do you?"

"They're somewhere in the labyrinth," said Wayward. "Their chair went that way, didn't it, boy?"

"Yeth, thir," said the small and freckled attendant.

But Miss Suydam and Mr. Malcourt were not in the labyrinth. At that very moment they were slowly strolling along the eastern dunes where the vast solitude of sky and sea seemed to depress even the single white-headed eagle standing on the wet beach, head and tail adroop, motionless, fish-gorged.

"So you've decided to go?" she said.

"Portlaw decides that sort of thing for me."

"It's a case of necessity?"

Malcourt laughed lightly: "He intends to go. Who can stop a fat and determined man? Besides, the season is over; in two weeks there will be nobody left except the indigenous nigger, the buzzards, and a few cast-off summer garments ——"

"And a few cast-off winter memories," she said. "You will not take any away with you, will you?"

"Do you mean clothes?"

"Memories."

"I'll take some."

"Which?"

"All those concerning you."

"Thank you, Louis." They had got that far. And a trifle farther, for her hand, swinging next his, encountered it and their fingers remained interlocked.

"What are you going to do with your memories?" she asked. "Pigeonhole and label them? Or fling them, like your winter repentance, in the Fire of Spring?"

"What are you going to do with yours, Virginia?"

"Nothing. They are not disturbing enough to destroy. Besides, unlike yours, they are my first memories of indiscretions, and they are too new to forget easily, too incredible yet to hurt. A woman is seldom hurt by what she cannot understand."

He passed one arm around her supple waist; they halted; he turned her toward him.

"What is it you don't understand?"

"This."

"My kissing you? Like this?"

She neither avoided nor returned the caress, looking at him out of impenetrable eyes more green than blue like the deep sea under changing skies.

"Is this what you don't understand, Virginia?"

"Yes; that—and your moderation."

His smile changed, but it was still a smile.

"Nor I," he said. "Like our friend, Warren Hastings, I am astonished. But there our resemblance ends."

The eagle on the wet sands ruffled, shook his silvery hackles, and looked around at them. Then, head low and thrust forward, he hulked slowly toward the remains of the dead fish from which but now he had retired in the disgust of satiation.

Meanwhile, Malcourt and Miss Suydam were walking cautiously forward again, selecting every footstep as though treading on the crumbling edges of an abyss.

"It's rather stupid that I never suspected it," she said, musing aloud.

"Suspected what?"

"The existence of this other woman called Virginia Suydam. And I might have been mercifully ignorant of her until I died, if you had not looked at me and seen us both at once."

"We all are that way."

"Not all women, Louis. Have you found them so? You need not answer. There is in you, sometimes, a flash of infernal chivalry; do you know it? I can forgive you a great deal for it; even for discovering that other and not very staid person, so easily schooled, easily taught to respond; so easily thrilled, easily beguiled, easily caressed. Why, with her head falling back on your shoulder so readily, and her lips so lightly persuaded, one can scarcely believe her to have been untaught through all these years of dry convention and routine, or unaware of that depravity, latent, which it took your unerring faith and skill to discover and develop."

"How far have I developed it?"

She bent her delicate head: "I believe I have already admitted your moderation."

He shivered, walked forward without looking at her for a pace or two, then halted.

"Would you marry me?" he asked.

"I had rather not. You know it."

"Why?—once again.

"Because of my strange respect for that other woman that I am—or was."

"Which always makes me regret my—moderation," he said, wincing under the lash of her words. "But I'm not considering you! I'm considering the peace of mind of that other woman—not yours!" He took her in his arms, none too gently. "Not for yours. I'd show no mercy to *you!* There is only one kind of mercy you'd understand. Look into my eyes and admit it."

"Yes," she said.

"But your other self understands!"

"Why don't you destroy her?"

"And let her die in her contempt for me? You ask too much. Virginia-that-I-know. If that other Virginia-that-I-don't-know loved me, I'd kill *this* one, not the other!"

"Do you care for that one, Louis?"

"What answer shall I make?"

"The best you can without lying."

"Then"—and being in his arms their eyes were close—"Then I think I could love her if I had a chance. I don't know. I can deny myself. They say that is the beginning. But I seldom do—very seldom. And that is the best answer I can give, and the truest."

"Thank you. . . . And so you are going to leave me?"

"I am going North. Yes."

"What am I to do?"

"Return to your other self and forget me."

"Thank you again. . . . Do you know, Louis, that you have never once, by hint or by look or by silence, suggested that it was I who deliberately offered you the first provocation? That is another flicker of that infernal chivalry of yours."

"Does your other self approve?" he said, laughing.

"My other self is watching us both very closely, Louis. I—I wish, sometimes, she were dead! Louis! Louis! as I am now, here in your arms, I thought I had descended sufficiently to meet you on your own plane. But—you seem higher up—at moments. . . . And now, when you are going, you tell my other self to call in the creature we let loose together, for it will have no longer any counterpart to caress. . . . Louis! I *do* love you; how can I let you go! Can you tell me? What am I to do? There are times—there are moments when I cannot endure it—the thought of losing the disgrace of your lips—your arms—the sound of your voice. Don't go and leave me like this—don't go ——"

Miss Suydam's head fell. She was crying.

. . . . . .

The eagle on the wet beach, one yellow talon firmly planted on its offal, tore strip after strip from the quivering mass. The sun etched his tinted shadow on the sand.

. . . . . .

When the tears of Miss Suydam had been appropriately dried they turned and retraced their steps very slowly, her head resting against his shoulder, his arm around her slender waist, her own hand hanging loosely, trailing the big straw hat and floating veil.

They spoke very seldom—very, very seldom. Malcourt was too busy thinking; Virginia too stunned to realize that it was, now, her other austere self, bewildered, humiliated, desperate, which was walking amid the solitude of sky and sea with Louis Malcourt, there beneath the splendor of the westering sun.

The eagle, undisturbed, tore at the dead thing on the beach, one yellow talon embedded in the offal.

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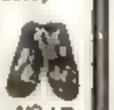

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FAILURES AT FORTY

(Continued from Page 15)

What such a man wants to do to turn failure into success is to make suggestions to himself; to study himself. "Why am I a failure? What is the matter with me? Because I don't take any interest in the work I have tried to do? That's exactly it. Now I have something in me, what is it? Where is it? What would I like to do? Why, why, I always wanted to be a dealer in horses, around animals and out-of-doors. I should like that sort of work. But I couldn't go into a livery stable and learn all about horses. What would my classmates say? How would it look in the class-book?

It would look good—look as though you intended to be a success after your failure. No, you are not too old; a success late in life is far better than a failure early in a false career. Pitch in; never mind the smiles of scorn; you'll get there, and when you are there you can do the smiling.

There are many failures due to false education. The following letter gives an example of one:

Apron-Strings and After Years

Dear Doctor Howard:

Can't you do something for me? If not I shall get rid of my horrible existence. I am forty-two years of age. I was educated in a Western high school and at —— College, a coed. institution. I was brought up very strictly by my mother and two sisters. My father died when I was five years of age. I knew nothing of the world when a youth; I don't believe that now I know the whole truth.

I was kept at school among girls, and at home nothing but mushy poetry and the awful stupid classics were drilled into me. I must have been a good scholar, because I gave recitations at school—those fearful things like Curfew Must Not Ring To-night, and was given essays to write upon, such subjects as Why Women Should Control the State. I felt rebellious even then, but thought that mother must be right.

I was not allowed to go swimming or play with other boys. The play was considered too rough, the swimming, naked, indecent. You have no idea how much I wanted to go in swimming, if only for once, but I didn't want to make mother cry.

Well, to cut my tale short, I was fitted for a teacher of Latin. For some reason I could not get a position in college or at a boys' school; so here I am teaching in the high school where there are many more girls than boys, and I have to cater to the tastes and ideas of the former. The feminine atmosphere is injurious to me—I am a mollycoddle. I fairly hate my work and its environments.

Last year I had an opportunity to go into the lumber camps and work. But my friend would not take me—said that I could not stand it. My muscles have never been developed; I can't do things like men—but I want to. I am a rank, rank failure—I feel it in my little bones. I want to get away from my horrible self. I think I'll go out to-night and get good and roaring drunk—I want to howl once like a man. I have tried all of the remedies advertised and the doctors. The latter tell me that I am suffering from neurasthenia, but calling it that name does not help me. What I want to know is, Can I get rid of this awful feeling of discouragement; this feeling of shame?—there is no other name for it. If not ——

I know that if I ever get well I shall get out and do anything I can find to do that will get me among strong men.

Can you not read the whole trouble? It is easy.

Every healthy boy at fourteen years of age should be taken away from the complete control of women. While it is not advisable to ignore all feminine influences, yet at this age virile, strong masculine control and advice is what every boy needs. This is a maxim that every father should paste in his hat. If fathers cannot find

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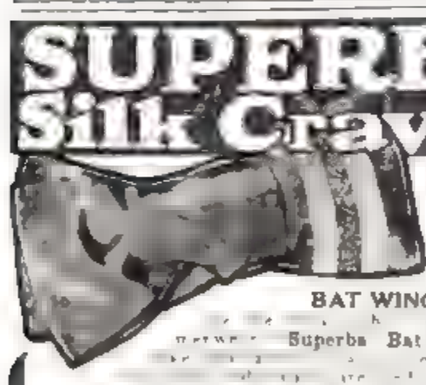
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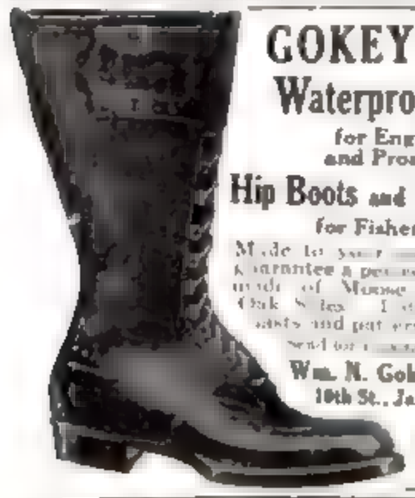
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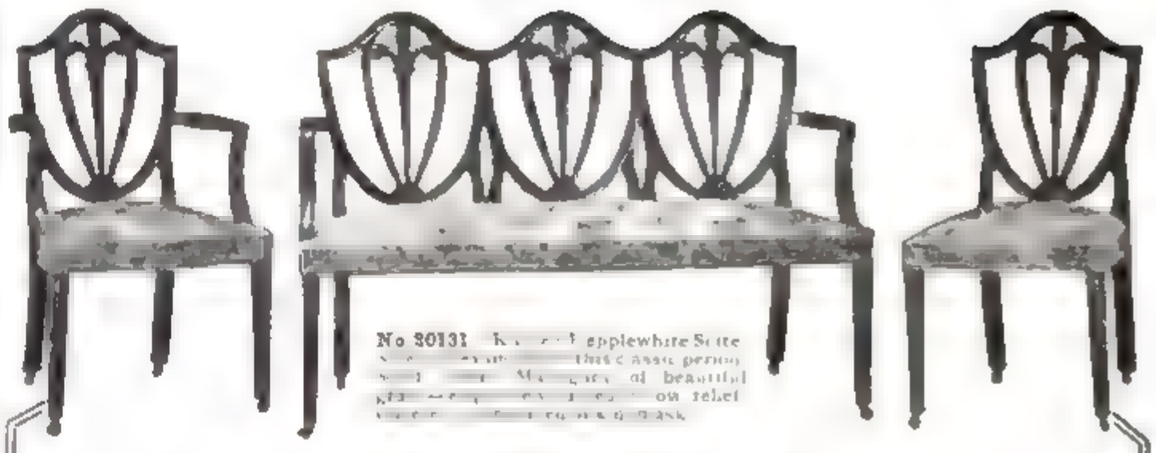

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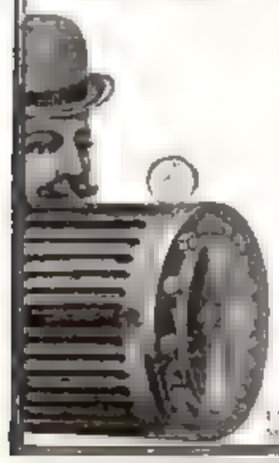

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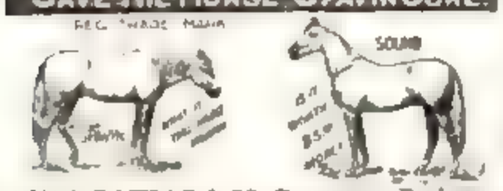

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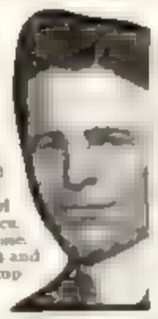

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time to make chums of their sons then they should send them where these sons can find adult male chums. As a specialist I have seen many sad wrecks from want of this precaution.

This unfortunate man who wrote to me has been sadly misfitted for his life's work Such a condition is certain to develop ill-health and mental unrest. First comes a self-nagging; this produces a physiologic condition that is harmful and makes a man see things in wrong colors—like one who has an irritation of the optic nerves; he sees everything either green or red. The liver becomes congested and he sees everything blue

The body and mind are so dependent upon each other that any disturbance in the latter is certain to react upon the former. Hence follow psychic horrors, and subtly this reacts upon physical organs. A vicious circle is established and ends in melancholy—the man becomes a failure Beneath the diaphragm he is an anarchist, in the head all is apathy.

What did I do for this unfortunate chap who had convinced himself that he was a rank failure?

I had him come to my summer place upon the ocean. The first thing I did was to suggest that he could be what he wanted to be He was urged to have absolute confidence in himself. Then he was taken out in a small boat and chucked overboard. He took to the water like a young duck who had been brought up an old hen. But he enjoyed it and soon wanted another plunge. Then he learned to swim and sport in the water with the other men—for by this time his long-submerged manly instincts broke loose. He resigned his position and went on a Gloucester fishing schooner, where he remained off the banks for three weeks. He returned looking fresh, several years younger, and most of all, contented. He sent for his books of poetry and smug essays and danced around the pyre of his past. He did not worry about what he was to do; he was out of jail and didn't care. When the joy of his release had settled down to calm judgment he went and secured a position with a fishing concern. He now attends to wharf matters and goes once a summer on a fishing trip so that he may hear the fishermen swear, and those fellows can swear. His salary is equal to that he got as a teacher, and he will rise to a responsible position, for he is interested, has his self-respect, and is happy. He is a man who has found himself.

The Stuff for Future Failures

There are thousands of boys in high schools and youths in colleges who are going to be "men who are failures." To prevent this happening, such boys need training along the lines they were born to follow. In the vocations they are mentally fitted for they would become successful men—men of sound morals and good health.

A boy must be fitted for the place he can economically fill. He will not fit into any niche or aperture Nature has not made for him. If it is tried there comes the leaking of discontent, the jar of mental peace and the breaking of moral and physical health; then the whole structure to which he has been wrongly attached becomes useless.

"But how am I to tell what my boy is fitted for?" is the question often put.

If the father has given close attention to his son—which unfortunately does not frequently happen in this country—he will observe some trait, some trend of the lad's mind that will give him a hint. If the father has wealth enough to furnish the boy with means after he leaves college—I mean if the youth can have ample opportunities to look around and see what he would like to do, and when he chooses, go along and master the rudiments of the work, then by all means give him all the education he desires. Otherwise let him choose before expensive habits and companions are part of his life. If, after he leaves college, he must return to those who are working upward and whose tastes and habits are distressing to him, failure is most certain. I am speaking of the average youth. Of course, those who early show a decided bent toward study or its avoidance will find their places—they start right.

A father who forces his son to follow in his footsteps against that boy's inclinations is pushing that boy toward failure. He is the one who knows what is distasteful to him even if he does not exactly know what would be agreeable. If you are a

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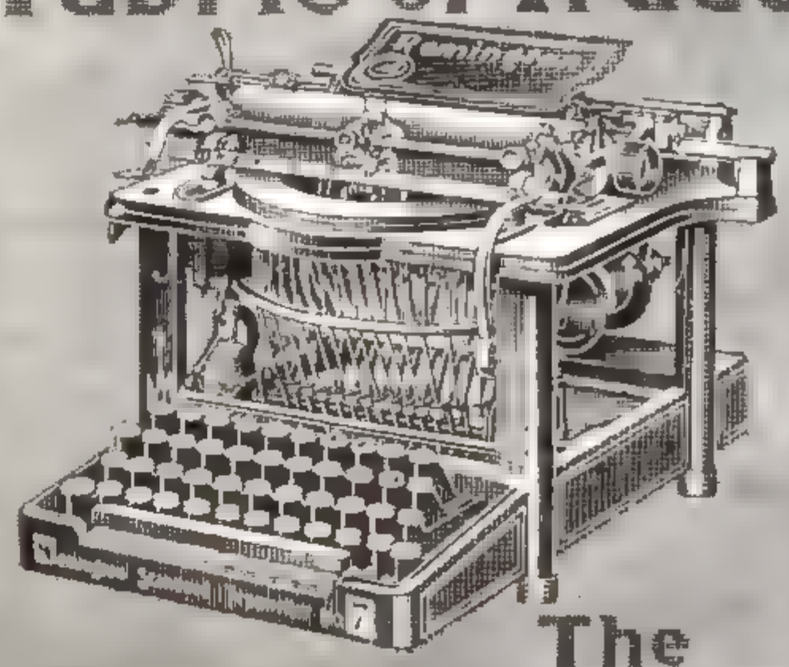

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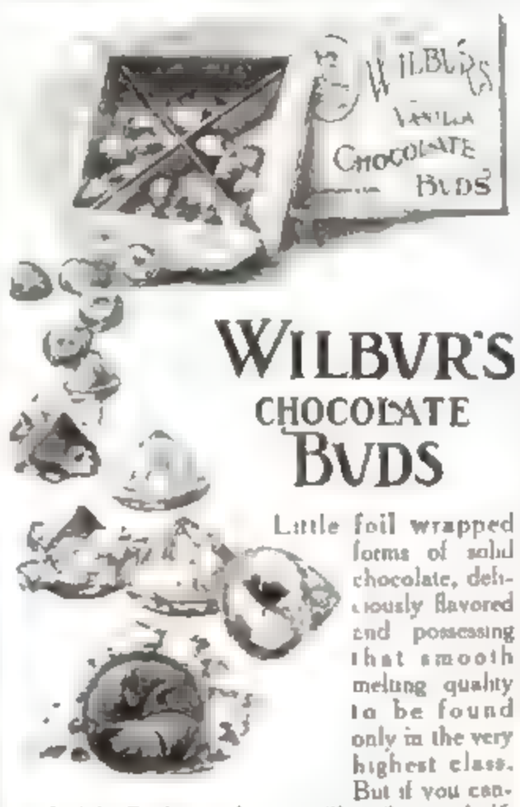

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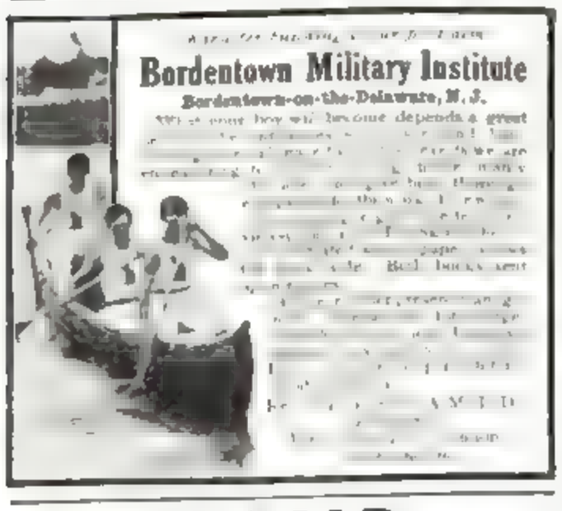

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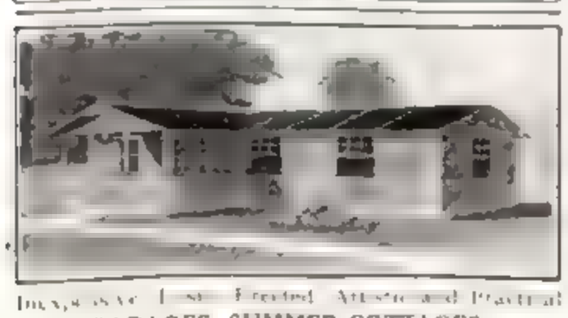

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Look into your own family. Did you not have a blood relation who was a sailor and traveler?

Yes; but that was long ago.

Never mind; let the boy do what his heart's in; help him with your love and money; he'll win out.

Do you want him one of the men who are failures? If so, force him to try and change his brain-cells to contain the same working material as yours. Better still if he is blond and you are brunette, force him to try and be a brunette. It is as easy as trying to compel him to change his psychic endowment which you passed on to him through a long line of ancestors who were not bank presidents. Then remember that in the boy there is more of the mental make-up of his mother than of his father. Study this matter.

But when a man has reached forty years of age in work that is ruining him—when he comes flat up to the fact that he is a failure, what can we do for him? Much. Many times, turn a failure into success.

Modern psychology has opened a vast field for the successful treatment of the purely worry and despondent class. From what I have said it can readily be seen that the man who is a failure in his own estimation—and the public take you at your own estimate when this estimate is derogatory—has brought it about by his self-centred thoughts and suggestions. He has been constantly self-hypnotized; constantly dwelling upon his dissatisfaction and envious of the success of others. Not one word or thought of breaking away from himself has replaced the self-derogatory existence. His self-suggestions have always been those that have wrought evil to his happiness and injury to his body.

When the Heart Wills the Way is Open

In every man lies the power for success. It is often along humble lines, but it is there. There are two of us in one body: the real self and the false embodiment. False education and wrong environment will often suppress the real self, and then the wrong side becomes uppermost, ever teasing, nagging and showing the signs of the struggling true self.

This is the cause and condition of those men who feel their failures in life. But here is a very important fact: the revolution comes at a time when the man *can* be brought to grasp his true self and cast off his other personality. It may mean an entire change of occupation, of place, of apparently chasing the rainbow; but in reality he has been doing this fatuous thing all his life.

Proper encouragement and plain understanding of the true cause of a man's failure will bring to light the true self. This encouragement must come from the outside; from one who thoroughly understands the conditions underlying hypnotism and self-suggestion as well as the physical needs of the body. It is absolutely necessary that the treatment of the organs of the body go along with the treatment of the psychic disturbance.

Occasionally we find a man whose two natures are so evenly balanced that he can use one for money-making—because he is compelled to—and the other for pure mental work; not merely for recreation and relaxation, but as another vocation. These cases are, however, rare.

The man we are considering was brought to me a mental wreck. For the first few days physical restraint had to be used to prevent him destroying himself. Then came most pitiable pleas for content, for a restful life, for a career full of work and ambition.

Rest does not mean inactivity; it means mental activity along lines where there is no work, for occupation that brings mental pleasure and moral health is not work. Only under such conditions can a man avoid failure.

This man's ambition, his other self, fought for acknowledgment, for a chance to take hold and make the man.

To assist in this normal desire his other self was aroused to action. He was constantly told that he would no longer worry; that he could again become a well and contented man. He was told that he would forget his past misery; that he would be

MICHELIN
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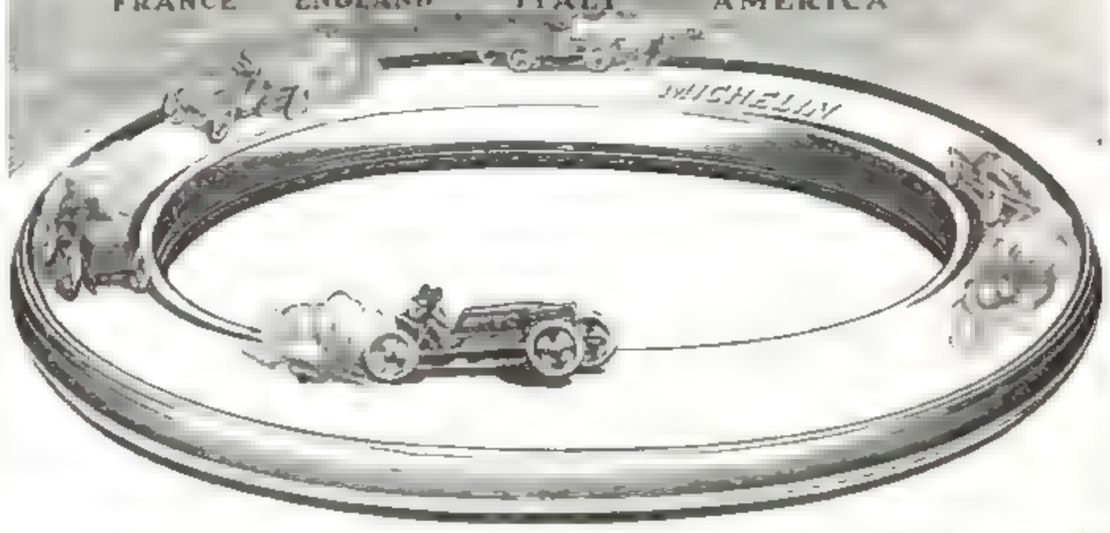

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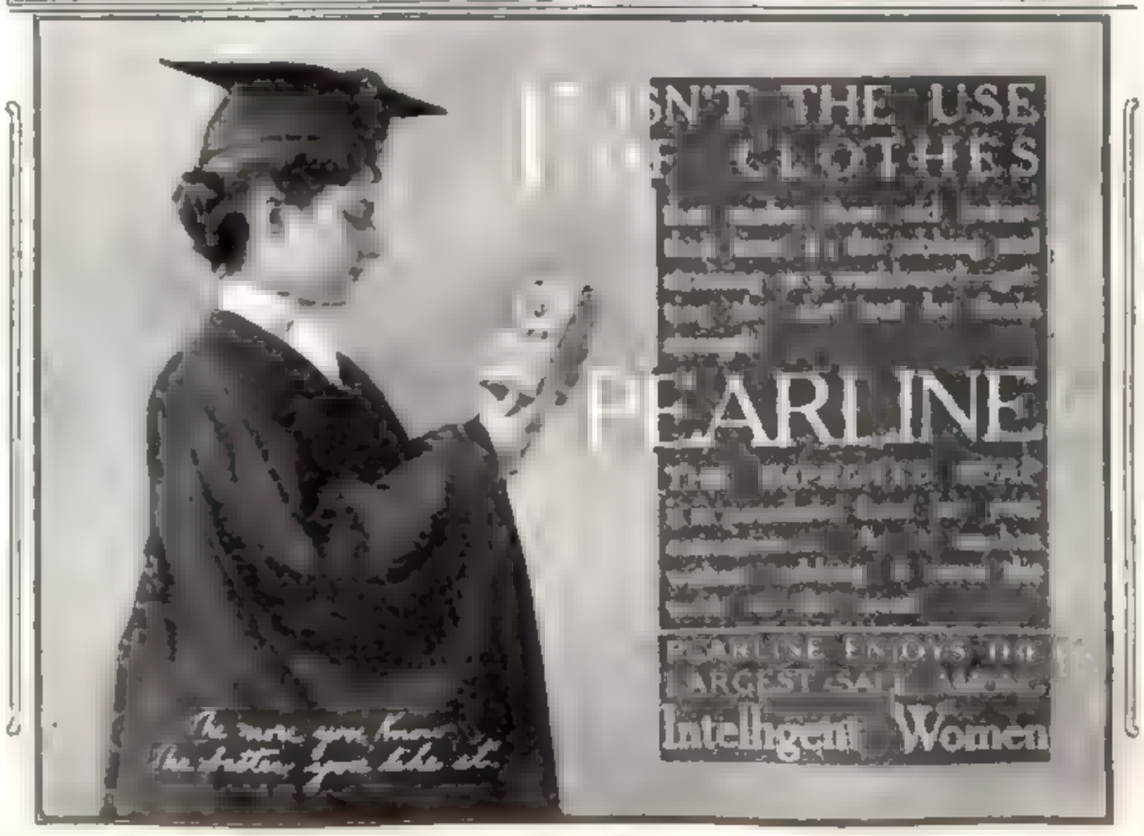

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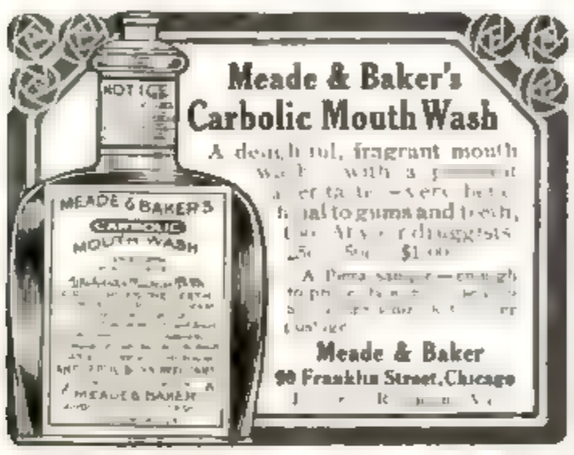

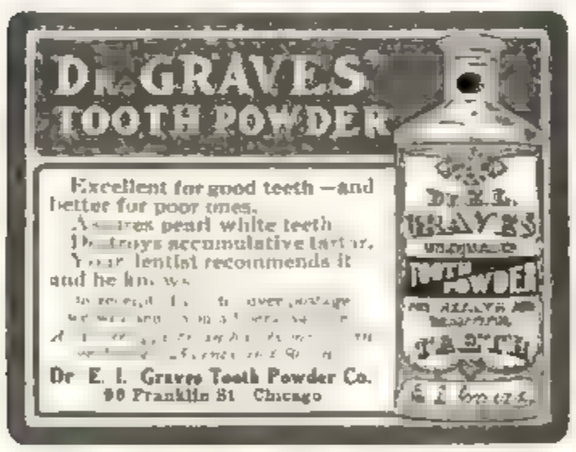
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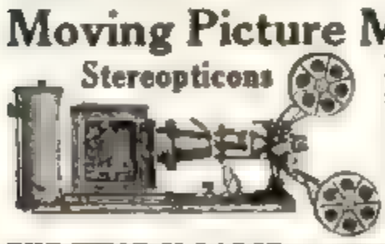

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able to take hold of his desired work and make a success—a success that belonged to him.

In a short time he commenced to take some slight interest in affairs. He was put upon a diet of milk and eggs, told to avoid meat and *all* stimulants, made to sleep by hypnotic suggestion and ordered to take a cold plunge every morning.

As he regained his physiologic strength he was instructed in the art of chewing food. This is a very necessary act in order to get the food in such a condition that its nourishing elements will be taken up by the proper cells and distributed where it is most needed

The worried man, the man who has himself ever on his mind, neglects to chew his food. He is not conscious of this fact; much of the time he is not conscious of what he is eating, and cares less. His mixtures of indigestible stuff is never eaten—it is simply bolted. This is the reason he wonders why he loses weight when he tells you that he eats all he can stuff into his long-suffering stomach. He is astonished when you tell him that the material he gulps down is not food; that, under the circumstances, it cannot become food.

Turning Food into Energy

Energy can come but from one source, and that is food. When a man is told that he lacks nutrition he is told what is not the true state of affairs. He should be told that what is lacking is a proper preparation of the food he literally throws into himself; properly prepared he will derive all the nutrition necessary.

Teeth are made to prepare the food for its entrance into the alimentary canal. Watch most animals eat in order to get this fact well impressed upon you. The stomach is not made to take the place of grinders and cutters. The glands around the jaws furnish the ptyalin with which the food must be well mixed before going into the stomach.

I can take one man and feed him in the proper manner on one meal a day. Another can bolt—*à la* American hustler—three big meals a day. At the end of three months I will have my one-meal-a-day man strong, active and healthy. The bolter of three meals will be sallow-complexioned, pimpled and nervous. He will use stimulants to ease his distress and eventually he will become a neurasthenic.

After I had put this patient into the attitude of understanding this important food fact I instructed him upon the importance of exercise—the great importance of not overexercising.

Exercise was limited to deep breathing and gradually to short walks. But these walks must be brisk—strolling is not sufficient. Violent exercise was positively prohibited. Constant flushing of all the sewers of the body was a daily routine.

After several months of this régime he had shaken off the old fear and discontent. He bravely entered the university where he pitched in with all the vigor of a young man. His true personality took full possession of him, and in five years he became a professor—a smiling, kind and happy man.

It may not be possible for all men who are discontented with their places in life—I mean a real miserable condition where ambition is constantly sending up its smoke to blind the man until life is not worth living—to go to a practical psychologist and physician for treatment, but such unfortunate men can do much for themselves.

Study the conditions in and around you and try to arouse your other self to take hold and guide you—to push you. Hypnotize yourself to subdue the nagging personality and then force outward the true self. Throw on to the dump heap all drugs. Look at yourself squarely and unflinchingly, and say to yourself: "I'll drop this feeling of anger with the world, this feeling of discontent, and call up my true self. I'll get out into the pure air and breathe it in; burn up the old ashes in my rankling body. I will get the inside of my foggy brain cleared up. Then I shall be able to find what I can do with a willing heart and start to do it, no matter how humble the opening."

Try it. Put your energies upon what you feel is your vocation and you will find your place in the world. At forty years of age this is possible, and when accomplished you will find yourself not an old man, but a young, ambitious fellow of thirty.

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You can get these six silver butter-spreaders practically without cost. These are the original Wm. Rogers & Son Extra plate At your local jeweler's such elegant individual butter-spreaders would be sold for not less than $6.00 a dozen. And it is hardly likely that your jeweler would have so stylish and exclusive a pattern. These butter-spreaders are handsome enough to grace a place on the finest tables in the land. Their design is rich and dignified—an art nouveau design such as is usually found only in solid silver.

To get one or more of these butter-spreaders, simply send in the metal cap (or the paper certificate inside the cap) from an Armour's Extract jar, with only 10c to pay for carriage and packing. You will receive, all charges prepaid, one of these butter-spreaders for every cap or certificate so sent in. But with each cap be sure to include the dime. No matter how much solid silver you now have, these butter-spreaders cannot fail to add tone and attractiveness to your table service. And in this way you can get them, one at a time, practically without cost. Order a trial jar of Armour's Extract of Beef today, and send in the cap or certificate with only a dime tonight.

Among the ways in which Armour's Extract of Beef may be used in every household are

—in making savory sauces
—in making nourishing soups
—in making quick "pick-up" meals
—in making chafing-dish novelties
—in flavoring and coloring gravies
—in making a tempting array of fish dishes
—in giving great variety to every day meals
—in making delightful "cooked-over" dishes
—in utilizing food that would otherwise be wasted
—in adding zest and flavor to *all* cooked foods
—and so on in endless ways that appeal to every skillful, economical housekeeper

***Armour's* Extract of Beef**

costs you less than other extracts, because it contains so much more flavor strength. While the proper proportions of water set the limits to the extract makes it possible for you to get the same results. Insist on genuine Armour's Extract of Beef. A little only one-fourth of the amount called for in recipes. Because Armour's Extract of Beef is the concentrated extract of pure beef you get that savory appetizing taste which Armour's laboratory assures.

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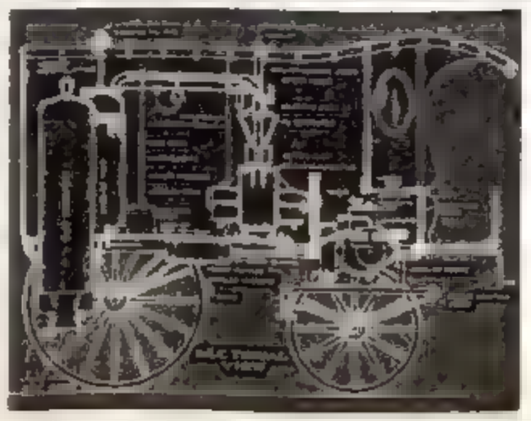

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HUMAN NATURE IN SELLING GOODS

(Continued from Page 11)

of Walden, that "a tide rises and falls behind every man which can float the British Empire like a chip."

This method doesn't do in all cases, though. There is a sales-manager in New York who for fifteen years had been postponing his disagreeable prospect as long as possible, with the result that to-day he is in the hands of a medical specialist. So long as the sun shone and sales promised to be fairly easy, he was keen in his work. But on the morning when he had a refractory customer ahead he rose late, lingered over breakfast and the paper, smoked an extra long cigar, walked to the office and took worlds of time with his mail. Finally, when further postponement was impossible, he went to see the hard customer. The latter eventually got on to his nerves to such an extent that the day wasn't long enough to see him at all. Now a skillful psychologist is rebuilding this man's gumption by setting him right at the hardest prospect first of all.

Some men have so much exuberant vitality in selling that they need a sedative rather than a stimulant. An excellent instance of this is the sales-manager who was once sent to Boston to reconcile a grumbling customer. Somebody handed him Emerson's Self-Reliance, saying that it would give him initiative and aggressiveness. And it did. He read the essay riding into Boston, and stepped off the train so full of self-reliance that he not only failed to reconcile the grumbler, but started a quarrel with him on his own account that lasted twelve years.

When it comes to external remedies every sales-manager ought to be human, wise and sympathetic enough to lift his young men out of the sinks of depression when they fall into them. But not all such executives are. One error constantly made is that of praising the salesman who is selling the most goods, and nagging at the chap who isn't selling any. Saleswork is competitive. A man competes not only with the rivals of his house, but each of the house's salesmen is also a rival. A star performer's records are held up as an incentive to others on the staff. But they seldom incite the man who has a blue devil. One thing alone is certain to stimulate him, and that is a record of his own. The shrewd, fatherly sales-manager helps him get one.

The manager of one sales-department in a great trust, with hundreds of men under him, makes it a point seldom to praise the star performer. Let him run on his own steam, he advises; praise unwisely, and he may infer that he is indispensable, and resign or ask for a preposterous salary. Give the encouragement to fellows who are making heavy weather of it.

When a despondent isn't worth coaching this manager drops him altogether. Probably he is a good man in embryo, however, temporarily cast down by setbacks. In that case the manager tactfully bestows upon him the praise others give to the man who makes big records. What is more to the point, he helps him work out ways of approaching obdurate people.

And when a manager is old in the ways of men he can often give the novice a human nature leader far better than one of merchandise. A certain trust man once opened up a fine connection for a beginner who had in his territory a merchant to whom even veterans sold with difficulty. He and the new man sat down to analyze the merchant's character and find his weak point, and decided that he was vain. Then the veteran told the novice how to act.

"Don't try to sell for a while," he counseled. "Go in and ask for his opinion on our new Eclipse brand. Tell him you want his opinion, because you've heard he was once a manufacturer himself. Get his interest first and his trade after."

At the hotel in that town the novice met two drummers from competing houses who had been quarreling with this hard prospect. They said it was impossible to argue with him. The hard customer was primed for more argument when the novice entered his office. But there wasn't a bit of controversy in the latter. He was too young, too mild, too green—he had come to sit humbly at the feet of Experience and learn something. The hard customer barked loudly a few times, then entered into a long explanation of how goods ought to be

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Vudor Porch Shades

Vudor Porch Shades are made of thin strips of Linden wood, closely bound with strong seine twine in a lock stitch weave. They are artistically stained in soft, pleasing colors to harmonize with color scheme of house and environment, these colors are weather-proof and will not crack or fade. They keep out the sun, but let in the breeze and sufficient light to read or sew by. They can be seen through from the inside, but not from the outside, giving privacy and seclusion. They are inexpensive—average equipment costing only from $2 to $10, according to size of porch. The shades come in various widths.

Vudor Porch Shades last for years and should not be confused with the flimsy carelessly made Bamboo or Imported screens which do not last and always look cheap.

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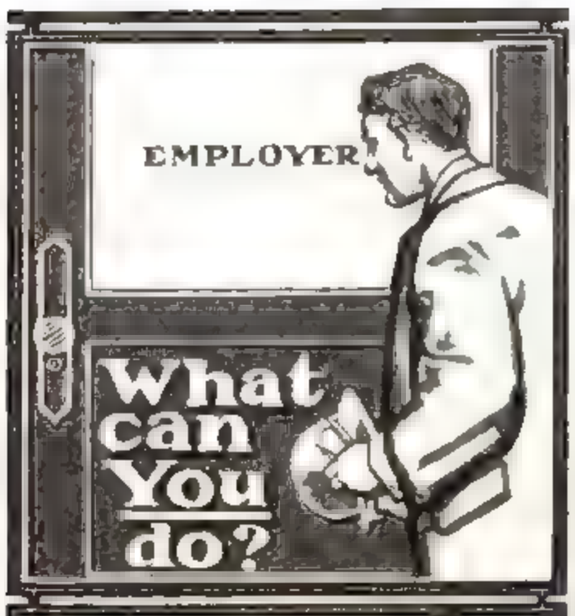

This is the question that will be asked of you when you get to the door

Young men—you who have just finished your education—you who have just left school, and are looking around for employment, have you considered how you will answer the employer's inquiry "What can you do?

Have you any special training that will make you of value to an employer?

You will find it a very easy matter to secure a good paying position if you can truthfully say "I am a trained salesman."

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He is a business producer—a producer—he belongs to the best paid of all professions

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THE APOLLO LAWN SWEEPER

Exclusive Territory
Profits Large

Gathers up cut grass leaves papers sticks all litter

THE GREENE MFG CO
406 Sycamore St Springfield Ohio

made, and finally gave him a very good order

"Ha! I thought that'd fetch him," commented the sales-manager. "He was a manufacturer years ago, you know—and busted up at it."

Another sales-manager meets blue devils in session every morning. His men work chiefly in one city. Promptly at nine, before starting out, they all come together for a twenty-minute talk. Nothing is permitted to interfere with this conference. What was done yesterday is discussed, and the program for to-day. If a man has a hard-luck story left over from the day before he relates it, and others advise him. If he has a hard prospect to visit that day others suggest ways of approach. This is always a cheerful conference. Even the hard-luck stories take a humorous turn. What if the salesman fails that day with his hard case? Obviously it was not his judgment alone that was at fault, but the combined wisdom of the staff. If he succeeds the credit is his. If he doesn't, the failure is taken over by a joint-stock company, as it were. Thus this force is kept keyed up to a fine pitch of enthusiasm, and what might often be a real blue devil if one lonely man had to carry it around alone, is banished by being laughed out of court.

One error the novice is fairly certain to make—that of nursing a personal grudge against the man who won't buy of him. It is human nature to do this. But it isn't salesmanship, and a manager who knows his business will usually impress upon the beginner the pure impersonality of his setbacks. The figure of Lincoln is one sales-manager's stock illustration to emphasize this point. He shows how abundant were Lincoln's opportunities, not only for nursing personal grievances, but for satisfying them. He reminds the novice of Lincoln's humiliation by Stanton, when young Abe appeared as his associate attorney in the Reaper case and Stanton virtually elbowed him out of the litigation. He brings up the figure of Lincoln, stealing about Illinois in freight cabooses during his debate with Douglas, while the latter rode in the private car of McClellan, then vice-president of the Illinois Central. Yet, in after years, when both these men were Lincoln's subordinates, the humiliations they had put upon him seemed to have utterly vanished from his memory.

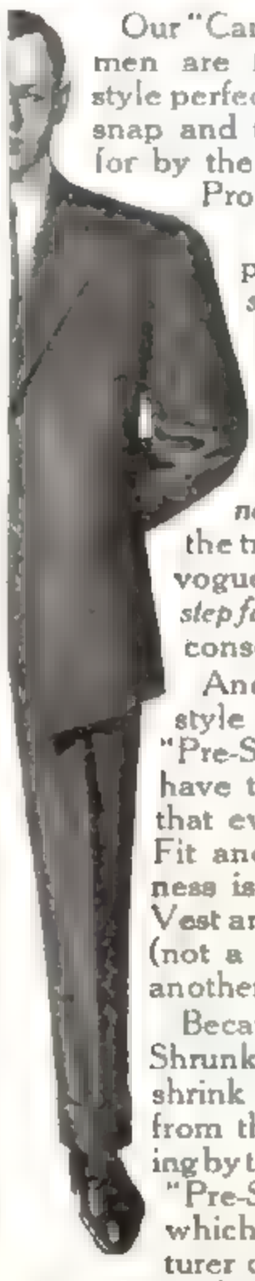
Old heads divide despondency into two classes

One is the chronic boredom of the idler and dilettante, for which there are only two cures—to get busy and get out among people, or to commit suicide. In saleswork this variety is virtually unknown.

The other sort is the temporary downheartedness of busy men. It has to be attacked with a little sympathy and fathering from without, or with a good deal of philosophy from within. It is what ails the salesman when he has blue devils, and is a disorder common in many other departments of industry. John Tyndall found the same malady inseparable from scientific investigation. A man who becomes as intensely absorbed in his work as the scientist is bound to bring up eventually at a point where both his subject and himself are exhausted, and he is filled with self-doubt and gloom. Tyndall's own cure was mountain-climbing. A tough day of that, he said, abolished his self-analysis, cleared the heart of bitterness, and enabled a man to think with tolerance, if not tenderness, of his most relentless and unreasonable enemy. One of the famous baseball managers kept his pennant-winners keyed up largely by having a keen eye for a blue devil. When a pitcher had worked himself into a state of nerves where he believed that, if one of his curves was struck, none of the basemen or fielders would try to get the ball, this manager silently handed him a large banknote, pointed to the gate, and said: "Now, Joe, you git, an' I don't want to see your sour face around here for a week—understand?" Which was his way of sending a man mountain-climbing.

Few men ever die of a blue devil. The latter seldom kills people, because it is ever so much more fun to see them squirm. But men *do* suffer under such depression far more than from some of the fatal diseases, and when the indigo imps of self-crimination, distrust and despondency bring a busy man down for punishment, fortunate is he who knows how to get himself up again, or works under somebody wise and human enough to do it for him.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles on the human factor in salesmanship.



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Low-cut vests, with distinctive pockets, trousers full-hipped, with wide turn-up and many of the innovations which others will offer *another season*, will be found in these masterpieces of the Tailoring Art.

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Your dealer will gladly show you "Campus Togs" or other styles in Kaufman suits from the popular fabrics for Spring and Summer at $12 to $30 the suit. Most people, however, can be suited at $15 to $18.

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Most of these young people will this summer repeat their experience of a year ago, but they will earn more money than they did then, for the pay is larger. The same opportunity is open to any reader of THE POST. It is simply this:

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Circulation Bureau
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

(Continued from Page 7)

endurance you will have to show me.' (The Tortoise had beaten a snail the day before, and was feeling somewhat cocky.) 'Well,' said the Hare, 'I'll just race you ten miles straightaway, winner to take everything.' 'Fine!' said the Tortoise. 'On your way!' And the race began.

"The Hare was a 60 H.-P. Lepus, model of 1908. He set a heart-breaking pace, taking all the hills on the high and skidding the turns without a slow-down. 'That fellow will get into trouble some day,' grumbled a toad, hopping out of harm's way, and a lizard threatened to have the law on him. The Tortoise set forth in pursuit, using the Australian-crawl stroke, and after plugging away for a week or so, finished the ten miles. He looked around for his rival, but the Hare was nowhere visible. Early in the race he had been pinched for exceeding the speed limit. Thus we may see, children," concluded Hollister, "that the race is not always to the highest power, nor the battle to the biggest car."

"Suppose we go back and see whether the ball-race has been sufficiently greased," said the Prince.

IV

THE night ride over the hills was wholly agreeable. From a fast-driven auto one can see almost as much by night as by day, and under the acetylene the greens of the wayside vegetation are more vivid.

"Running like a cyclone, eh, Prince?" I ventured to remark.

"You think so?" he returned witheringly.

"Prince," I said, "I haven't a mechanical mind; I stand appalled before even so simple a contrivance as a pile-driver, while a leaking faucet reduces my mental apparatus to a pulp; yet this car seems all right to me."

"You would have said the same if you had been riding in the deacon's one-hoss shay just before the collapse," he retorted. "I tell you there's something radically wrong with this car, and I'll be agreeably disappointed if she holds together till I get you home. I am sorry to have given you such a wretched day ——"

"My dear fellow," I protested, "I have enjoyed myself enormously. Hollister may be bored, but, you know, motoring in France spoils a man for the sport on this side; he gets frightfully blasé."

The Prince shut off the energy with an impatient snap, got out and began testing the spark.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Middleton.

"Suffering Job!" wailed the Prince. He slammed down the hood savagely, returned to the wheel, and sent the car forward with a wrenching plunge.

"Timby," he confided in my ear, "if she asks we what's the matter again I shall *say something.* Another repetition of that maddening question, and ——"

"Don't be foolish, Prince."

"No. I'll be plain nasty."

"She's a girl of spirit."

"I hope I am not deficient."

"You are deficient in appreciation," I said warmly. "She's the dearest girl on earth, yet you would sacrifice this priceless pearl of womanhood to your miserable car. By Heaven, you don't deserve her, Prince!"

The shot told.

"Fair field, Timby," he gritted. "Go in and win her—if you can."

"Huh!" said I. "Win Thisbe from Pyramus! Prince, we're a pair of fools—you especially. Get hold of yourself."

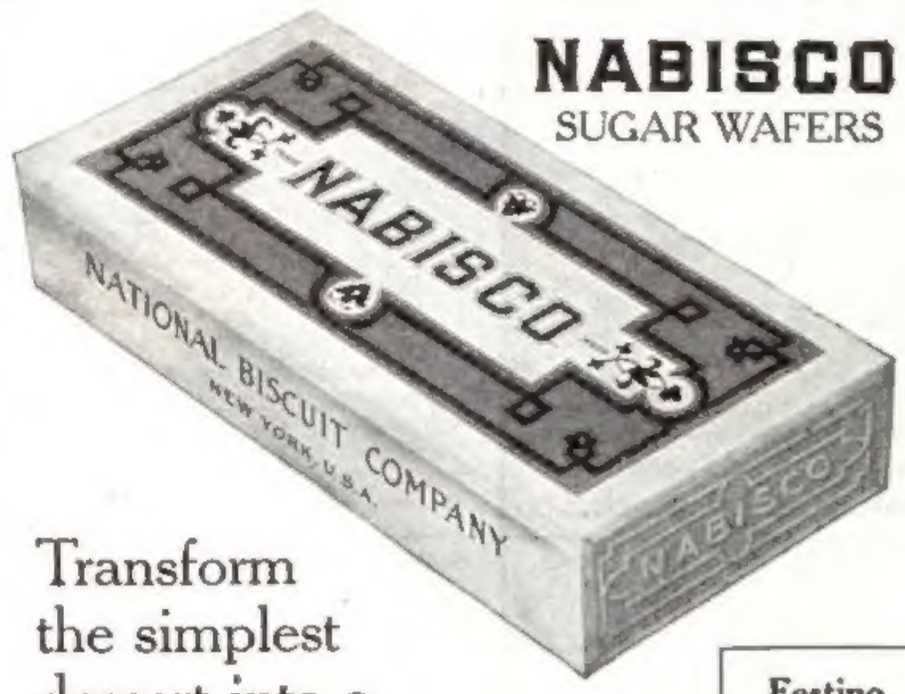
"Can't. It's all I can do to hold down this car."

"Well, then, you hold down the car and I'll hold down the lady."

I got out on the running board and requested Hollister to change seats with me. The glare of the lights, I said, was hurting my eyes. Hollister assented cheerfully, and I thanked Miss Middleton for not protesting against the exchange. The Prince said nothing, but my loyalty must have touched him.

Again we arrowed into the night.

What an amazing obsession, I thought, was the Prince's worry over his car. It had withered his sense of humor, robbed him of sleep, worn his nerves to tatters, and now promised to lose him the beautiful Miss Middleton; unless ——



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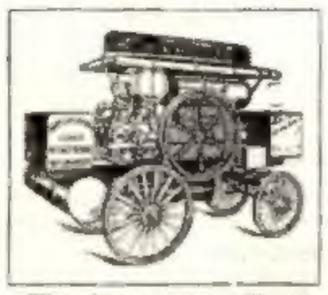

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BEFORE AFTER

But why should I interfere? Why not try to win her for myself? I was not unattractive: in time I might strike the great chord in that present unresponsive breast. In love and war was not all fair?

A lurch of the car threw Miss Middleton into my arms; her hair swept my eyes. I could have wished the auto in a ditch, and we two pinioned in the ruins. Then, when she asked me, "What's the matter?" as inevitably she would, I should clasp her close and pray for a slow rescue.

"The Prince is hitting the high places to-night," I managed to remark, on her recovery to the perpendicular.

"Yes. I love to speed; especially at night."

I confessed that I got no exhilaration out of the most splendid burst of speed; but I acknowledged that the arguments for speed were all one way. "Why shouldn't an auto be driven to the limit of its velocity?" I said. "Our solar system is rushing toward the constellation Lyra at the rate of—I have mislaid the staggering figures. Our earth revolves around the sun at—you recall the number of miles per second. Jupiter twirls on its axis at—well, never mind; the precise figures would give you no clear conception of the pace."

"I suppose not," said Miss Middleton indifferently.

"That's Lyra—yonder." I pointed out the constellation.

"Oh, really! I am afraid the stars are too far off to interest me."

"Distance lends interest as well as enchantment, Miss Middleton—in love as in stars. And, as Browning says, our something or other should exceed our grasp, else what's a Heaven for?"

"Browning is beyond *my* grasp."

"And Heaven is just beyond mine."

I sighed; but the sentimental exhalation was lost in the drumming of the wheels. Hang it! one can't be effective in an auto.

V

ARISE, some mute, inglorious bard, and sing the song of the Perfect Car! Voice the stern joy that drivers feel in motors worthy of their steel! Sing the loyalty of bolts and bearings, clutches, disks and tires! Sing the almost sentient mechanism that bounds beneath one as a steed that knows his rider! For never, since the first auto was born into a speed-mad world, did motor-car perform, within the limits of its powers, more admirably than the Prince's Hikemobile.

We whirled into the suburban village that marked our journey's end, slowing down at a street-crossing to let a carriage by.

I became instantly alert, though nothing was to be feared from Miss Middleton so long as the Prince remained in the car. I engaged her in conversation. If the stars were remote the weather was always close at hand.

All in vain! In starting, the Prince let in the clutch a bit too suddenly, and the engine stalled. He got out to crank her.

Miss Middleton leaned forward. The light of a street lamp fell upon her face, and I saw her lips frame the fatal question. They parted to give it utterance.

"What's ——"

The rest perished. I bent over swiftly and kissed her.

Miss Middleton screamed. And who wouldn't?

Now, whether my action was prompted by a reckless resolve to serve my Prince, or by an uncontrollable passion for the lady, I do not know to this day; it is a fine point. But, be that ever so vague, the result was clear-cut, startling. Miss Middleton screamed.

I got out of the car, feeling very much the pale martyr in his shirt of fire. I had sacrificed myself for my friend. My own hopes lay in ashes; there remained—and still lingers—only the ghostly flavor of that first and last kiss.

The Prince had straightened up like a bent popple.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

If a bucket of ice water had been dashed on my devoted head I could not have been more shocked.

"You!" I cried, in bitter reproach. "*You*—of all persons—ask that fool question!"

"What's the matter?" he repeated blankly.

I turned to Miss Middleton, rigidly upright in the tonneau.

"My humblest apologies," I said, bowing low. And without further speech I boarded an opportunely passing trolley.

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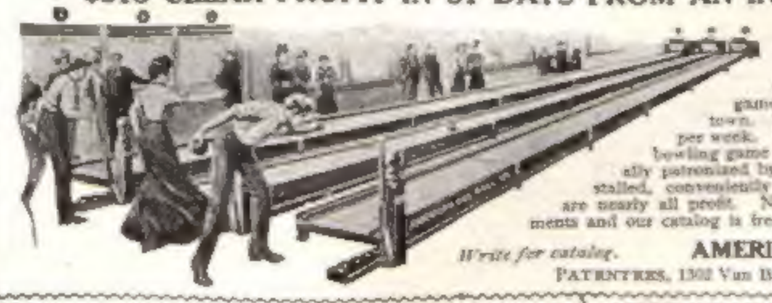

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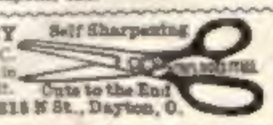

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